Early December

VOGUE

Price Two Francs

CONTINENTAL EDITION

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THERE is a feeling of luxury and of elegance, a knowledge of being well groomed that comes with the wearing of Luxite Hosiery.

Rich, lustrous and beautiful, the product of finest materials and pure dyes—Luxite is the logical associate of fine clothes.

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For men, women and children.
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THE SMARTEST HATS IN TOWN

NEW

Autumn Models

just arrived from

Our Paris Salons

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now being worn as follows
were designed and executed by

Elspeth Phelps & Reggie de Veulle

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At the Adelphi
Miss Billie Carleton
And all Dresses in Act II, Scene I

At the Alhambra
Miss Violet Loraine
Miss Ethel Baird

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Miss Jennie Benson

At the Gaiety
Miss Madge Saunders

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And all Dresses in Assyrian Scene

At the Prince of Wales's
Mdlle. Delysia

At the Shaftesbury
Miss Adrah Fair

At the Strand
Miss La Rubia
Miss Hilda Moore

BY APPOINTMENT

TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

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London, Ltd

180, Regent Street,
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W.

Furs

TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)

IDARE et CIE

78 WIGMORE STREET, W.

have designed and executed dresses for the following artistes:—

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MLLE. GABY DESLYS MLLE. PAULETTE DEL BAYE

At the Adelphi

MISS BILLIE CARLETON, and Act II, Scene III

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MISS GERTIE MILLAR

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MAISON CROZET LTD.

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AUTUMN MODELS

including FURS *and* FUR COATS

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Autumn Fashions

BURBERRY Dress assimilates, in most perfect form, every phase and season of out-door life, because it is designed by experts, who know exactly what is most suitable and becoming.

BURBERRY Materials—woven and proofed by special processes—induce at all times a sense of ease and healthful comfort, which is due to their airylight weight and natural ventilation.

Unmatched for beauty of texture and artistic composition of colourings and patterns, they also take first place in the scheme of national economy by the length of their resistance to wear and weather.

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A simple, yet exceedingly distinguished, coat-frock.

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Airylight and air-free weatherproof.

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COATS AND GOWNS CLEANED by Burberrys' special processes are promptly returned, practically as good as new. All weatherproof garments re-proofed.
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TAILOR-MADES
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ONE OF LONDONS MOST EXCLUSIVE HOUSES FOR TAILOR MADES

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

REVILLE & ROSSITER LTD 1912

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ORIGINAL
GOWNS FURS
AND
MILLINERY

MODELS

CME 16

Chez

Afternoon Gown of Grey Georgette, Embroidered with Nattier Blue Beads. New slightly drawn-in Skirt effect.

Gown of Blue Georgette ; straight lines ; Buff Embroideries, Tassel and Girdle.

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Mercie McHardy

Wrap Coat of "Sand" Velours Cloth, large Collar, Cuffs and Panels of Beaver Fur.

Grey Felt Hat, trimmed with Felt Bow.

Navy Gabardine Coat and Skirt with Musquash Fur Collar and Cuffs. Light Ochre Facings.

Grey Panne Hat, trimmed with Grey Wings.

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Mole Grey Panne Hat, Breton shape, trimmed with Osprey.

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Trico Tea Gown, beautifully embroidered round neck and centre of sash in self colours and oxidize, with fringe on ends to correspond, and cosily finished with fur collar and cuffs; made in several art colourings. Suitable for afternoon or dinner wear.

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LINGERIE,
BLOUSES &
JERSEYS.

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This charming Model is made in Black Crêpe de Chine and embroidered Lace of exquisite design. It is cut on the new simple lines which is so becoming to all figures. The Skirt is pleated and finished with Sash, and lined throughout with Jap Silk. It is also made in all new Shades of Crêpe de Chine and Georgette at the moderate price of **5½ Gns.**

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(of Knightsbridge)

By Special Royal Warrant to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra

By Special Royal Warrant to H.M. the Queen of Norway

Fittings by appointment in the new Showrooms opened for this purpose.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Forms sent on application

Soft Felt hat of extreme lightness, with narrow ribbon tied round the crown. Made in Tan, Grey, Green, Black, and White. Suitable for riding and all country sports.

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Felt Hat with shady curved brim in soft shade of Grey. A severe Band and Bow finishes off a hat of great distinction.

Price **31/6**

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By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra.

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IS NOW SHOWING A CHARMING SELECTION OF

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Gowns	Tailleurs	Millinery
Blouses	Lingerie	Furs

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Also PARIS AND NEW YORK.

THE GRAFTON FUR Co LTD

NEW DESIGNS

FOR THE

AUTUMN & WINTER

LADIES contemplating the purchase of NEW FURS, or the re-modelling of garments requiring alteration, should place their orders early, as prices must advance later through the lack of labour and the difficulty in obtaining skins.

Illustrated Catalogue of New Designs on ——application.——

EXCLUSIVE MODEL in Seal-dyed Musquash and Darkened Musquash. **£75**

164 NEW BOND ST. LONDON. W1

The Bernese Coatee

is a dainty garment with classic lines and as many variations as there are feminine figures and ages. Not only does it freshen the *passée* evening frock and cover a neck too low for the moment, but becomes an entirely new costume with each separate skirt that it enhances. From filmy net, with jet or embroidered motifs, to silk muslin with painted or brocaded designs—from sober black to living youthful greens—these creations range with contrasting and individual charm.

Folded they occupy so little space and they emerge so fresh from a suit case that they are a source of continual delight to the traveller.

For travel, a Bernese Coatee over a dainty Camisole with either Georgette or thin Satin skirt makes a complete and charming little dinner outfit.

Coatee from 45/-

Georgette or Satin Skirt, 4½ Gns.

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5 Conduit Street, W. 1

Almost on the corner of Regent Street.

HARVEY NICHOLS
OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

CHOICE FURS AT MODERATE PRICES

During the coming season there will be the greatest difficulty in obtaining reliable Furs which have been properly worked and finished. Having anticipated this, we are in a position to show one of the largest and best collections of every kind of Fur, made into all the newest shapes in Ties and Muffs; especially in Skunks, for which we are noted.

Natural Skunk, fine quality, **12 Gns.**
New-worked round Muff to match, **10 Gns.**

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Jenner's Velour Hats are in the most exclusive shapes, finest qualities, and most exquisite colours.

The hat illustrated is of extra quality velour, with ribbon band. In black and a wide range of fashionable shades.

Price **59/6**

An Illustrated Catalogue will be sent on request.

JENNER'S
PRINCES·STREET EDINBURGH

HOUSE OF SPECIALITY.

ÉVE VALÈRE

has much pleasure in announcing her NEW SELECTION of exclusive

Autumn Models in Gowns

for Day & Evening Wear a Specialite,

COATS & FURS.

89, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

Ernest.

New Models in

FURS

at Summer Prices

until end of September

Mr. Ernest has completed his Winter Collection of Coats and Skirts, Dresses, and Millinery

Spécialité

TRAVELLING COATS

Ernest.

185 Regent Street W.1.

THRESHER'S LINGERIE IS DESIGNED TO FULFIL ALL FEMININE LONGINGS

All the fairy-fingered lingères in France must have convened in Paris to fashion and stitch the exquisite collection of frilly, lacy lingerie recently imported by Thresher's. There are Camisoles with pin-tucked medallions, or motifs embroidered on net, linen, or mulle, and set in curves and lines of Valenciennes or torchon lace; there are Knickers with flounces, edges with large hand-made scallops, or kilted lace-edged frills; there are Combinations with straight drawn-thread lines with embroidered dots placed in the resulting squares, laces forming patterns of originality and beauty, and the finest machine embroidery alternating with web-like lace; there are Nighties of sheerest linen with Valenciennes and torchon laces; there is also a group of Sets of varied and charming style made of linen, mulle, or lawn, hand-made and especially designed.

By appointment to

H.M. the Queen

In Crêpe de Chine.

From **42/6**

In Mulle.

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A collection of charming Models is to be seen at

10 SLOANE STREET

BELGRAVIA, S.W.1,

for the approaching Fall and Winter.

Robes Tailleur
(Notre Spécialité)
Robes de Ville
Robes de Soirées
Robes d'Intérieur
Manteaux de Voyage

Manteaux
et
Blouses
Tea Gowns
Fourrures.

Patterns, Sketches, and Measurement Forms on application.

Fur Week

Sept. 24 to Sept. 29

F. 15. The "IMPERIAL." Wrap in finest Natural Skunk, made from the choicest skins. **33 Gns.**

Magnificent Muff to match. **14 Gns.**

F. 16. The "REGAL." Real Ermine Stole, composed of selected skins and trimmed Fringe of real Ermine Tails. **23 Gns.**

Muff to match, trimmed Fringe of real Tails. **12½ Gns.**

F. 17. The "GROSVENOR." A beautiful Shoulder Cape, in real Sable, fastening with Fur Button. **25 Gns.**

Smart Barrel Muff to match. **15 Gns.**

F. 18. The "MONTROSE." Unique Model, in fine quality Seal Cony, lined Crêpe de Chine, the special feature being the Pockets in front. **10 Gns.**

Examples of the splendid Values in Furs—to be offered during

Fur Week

—commencing September 24—at

Peter Robinson's

OXFORD STREET · LONDON · W.1

Peter Robinson Ltd.

The "MARVEL." Very Smart Velour Cloth Coat with huge Cape Collar and Cuffs of Clear Grey Australian Opossum; all-round Belt at waist; half lined Silk. In Fawn, Saxe, Navy, Nigger, Green, and Mole. **9½ Gns.**

The "DECIA." Model Coat, 48 in. long, very loose full shape, with large Collar, Cuffs, and Pockets trimmed with contrasting Fur. An elegant garment in the following Furs:

Natural Black Musquash and Skunk	**80 Gns.**
Seal Musquash and Skunk	**65 Gns.**
Nutria and Unplucked Beaver	**60 Gns.**
Natural Musquash and Skunk	**50 Gns.**

The "BUXTON." Model Coat in fine quality Velour Cloth; various colours; large Cape Collar, Cuffs, and part of Flounce trimmed Skunk, Natural Opossum, Natural Black Musquash, Natural Racoon, or Seal Cony Furs. **18 to 40 Gns.**

Fur Week

September 24 ..... to ..... September 29

LADIES with foresight will take advantage of the many unusual and unrepeatable money-saving opportunities that will be afforded them during our great annual Fur Week commencing September 24. Every fashionable kind of fur and fur-trimmed garment will be offered this week at what really constitutes INVESTMENT PRICES.

Note the three Coat Values above.

Peter Robinson's

OXFORD STREET · LONDON · W.1

Peter Robinson Ltd.

Kenneth Durward

ULSTER HOUSE
CONDUIT STREET, LONDON
W. 1.

Three Smart
"Durward"
Models

The "STANLEY"

A very smart Coat with inset Sleeves, cut very full in Skirt. Made in Cheviots, Angolas, Homespuns, and also in my celebrated rainproof "DURWARDETTE."

The "DRAYTON"

A smart and useful Suit for Country wear. In Cheviots, Homespuns, &c.

The "BOLTON"

A very useful and smart Suit for Town and Country wear. In Cheviots, Serges, Homespuns, &c.

¶ *Write for Patterns and Illustrations of my Autumn Coats and Costumes*, Post Free on application.

Do not wait for the Midwinter
to buy
FURS

REMEMBER that now is the time to buy, as the selection is far more varied and the prices more moderate before the Winter rush

The illustration shows a very beautiful Skunk Bolero and new shape Pillow Muff.

N. HOLLAENDER

12 PRINCES STREET
HANOVER SQUARE W

PARIS BRUSSELS ANTWERP

JOHN SIMMONS & SONS,

35 HAYMARKET, LONDON S.W.

New Autumn Models in

Gowns, Coats and Skirts.

JOHN SIMMONS & SONS,
35 HAYMARKET, LONDON S.W.

THE FAMOUS "ALBA" KNIT COATS

A pure spun

Silk "Alba"

in white, with smart white tie. Collar, belt and cuffs in delicately contrasted colourings, viz.: white and heliotrope, white and grey, white and rose. Also in these self colours—rose, sky, shell pink, champagne, tuscan, lavender, and delft.

Price, sent post free,

£4 10s.

Write for

full List of these lovely Coats, now famed in all parts of the country, also Blouses, Underwear, etc., the whole enclosed in a dainty Calendar. Sent post free on request.

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Scotch Knit Coat Specialists

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THELMA

DAY & EVENING GOWNS

36 NEW OXFORD STREET W.C.

Next door to Mudie's Library

BY APPOINTMENT

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Dickins & Jones

PRACTICAL COSTUMES.

A VISIT to our Salons will show our latest Autumn and Winter Models, in which varied style, graceful outline, and reliable materials combine in making them desirable purchases at moderate prices.

Well-Cut Coat and Skirt, of winter-weight Gabardine, cut on becoming lines. Skirt has Pockets to correspond with Coat. In several shades, Navy or Black. **7½ Gns.**

Coat and Skirt, of Velours, made by our own tailors. Collar of Coney, which can be worn as sketch, also as inset. In Green, Nigger, Navy, Black and other Colours. **9 Gns.**

Fully Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Request.

Post Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

DICKINS & JONES Ltd REGENT ST. LONDON W.1

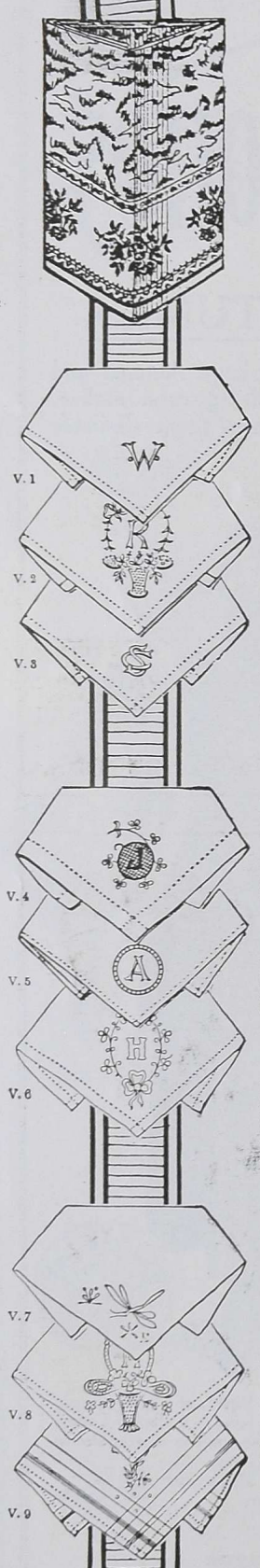
A Great Chance

The price of Linen still advances, but we offer the choicest Hand-woven Damasks, some of them our finest productions, at prices which show a saving of

5/- to 6/8 in the £

below present prices

This opportunity lasts for 12 days, viz. from Monday, October 1st, to Saturday, October 13th



387 X. Moiré Antique design Hand-woven Double Damask Table Napkins. ¾ × ¾ yd. Per doz., 50/-

V 1. Ladies' and Children's Linen Hand-embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs. Size about 11 × 11 in. Narrow Hems. Per doz., 5/11

V 2. Ladies' Linen Initial Handkerchiefs. Size about 12 in. Narrow Hems. Per doz., 7/11

V 3. Ladies' Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, with Hand-embroidered Two-letter Monogram ready worked. Size about 13 in. Narrow Hems. Per doz., 8/11

V 4. Ladies' Strong Linen Initial Handkerchiefs. ⅛ in. Hem. Size about 14½ in. Per doz., 9/3

V 5. Ladies' Fine Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, with Hand-embroidered Initial. Hand-hemstitched. Size about 11 in. Per doz., 14/6

V 6. Ladies' Linen Initial Handkerchiefs. ¼ in. Hem. Size about 12½ in. Per doz., 10/6

V 7. Ladies' Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs. Hand-embroidered in one corner (assorted designs). New rolled Hems. Per doz., 7/11

V 8. Ladies' Linen Initial Handkerchiefs. Size about 11½ in. ¼ in. Hem. Per doz., 5/6

V 9. Ladies' Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, with woven Tape and Cord Borders. Hand-embroidered in one corner. Per doz., 7/11

S 123. Blouse, in Georgette, front and back Flat-pleated, with Hemstitched Tucks and Crochet Buttons. In Ivory, Flesh, Navy, Champagne, Black. Price 29/6

S 122. Blouse, in heavy Crêpe de Chine, long Rever front, Hand-embroidered Spots, and Open Stitching. In several shades. Price 37/9

S 121. Blouse, in fine Net, trimmed Lace Filet design, lined throughout Chiffon. In Pale Ecru only. Price 37/6

No. 51. Nightdress, in fine Lawn, trimmed pretty Valenciennes Insertion and wide Kilted Frills of Lace, with Motif of Cluny Lace in centre, and tiny Tucks each side. Hand-made. Price 55/9

No. 50. Chemise and Knickers, in fine Linen Lawn, with dainty Hand-embroidered Floral Design and small group of Hand-embroidery on left side, finished with plain hems. Hand-made. Chemise, price 23/6 Knickers, price 23/6

No. 51A. A Chemise in fine Lawn, trimmed Valenciennes Insertion, group of small Tucks, and Motif of Cluny Lace in centre, Hand-made. Price 39/6 Knickers to match, with wide Kilted Frills of Lace. Price 39/6

C 42 X. Ferns and Lilies, Ivy Leaf Filling, Hand woven Double Damask Napkins. ¾ × ¾ yd. Per doz., 42/10

V 42. Gentlemen's Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, Hand-embroidered Initial, ⅛ in. Hems. About 19 in. Per doz., 13/-

V 41. Gentlemen's Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, with Two-letter Hand-embroidered Monogram. Size about 19 in., with ⅛ in. Hems. Per doz., 21/-

V 40. Gentlemen's Fine Linen Hand-embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs. Size 19½ in., with ⅛ in. Hems. Per doz., 16/11

V 39. Odd lot of Gentlemen's Linen Handkerchiefs. Hand-embroidered Initials, all letters except A, B, U, G, J, V, and W. Per doz., 12/-

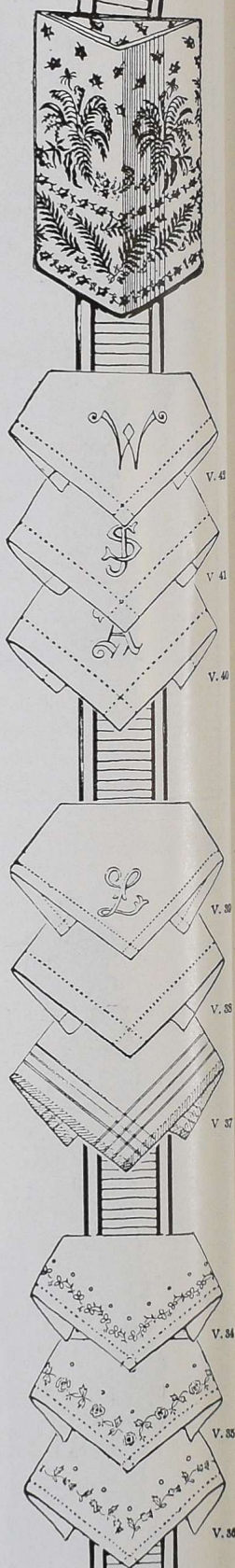
V 38. Gentlemen's Khaki Linen Handkerchiefs, in two qualities. Narrow Hems. Per doz., 15/- and 10/-

V 37. Job lot of Men's and Boys' Handkerchiefs. Woven coloured Borders, assorted in the doz Per doz., 3/11

V 34. Ladies' Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, Embroidered Borders of Shamrock. Per doz., 9/6

V 35. Sheer Linen Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Borders of Roses. Per doz., 9/6

V 36. Sheer Linen Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Borders of Shamrock. Per doz., 8/11



We have printed a very limited number of Sale Catalogues. These will be sent post free on request.

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THE LINEN HALL, REGENT STREET, W. 1 LTD.

Renée le Roy Ltd.

FURS & MODES

5 Hanover Street W.

Telephone: Mayfair 3368

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FRENCH HATS suitable for the present crisis. Modes for Matrons a speciality

'Just the very thing."

A FEATHERWEIGHT SILK WATERPROOF

At a light price.

A client writes:—"It is quite the nicest thing of its kind I have ever seen."

Elvery's Exclusive Spécialité, "Featherweight" but Stormproof. Colours: Fawns, Greys, Mole, Green, Navy Blue, and Black. All sizes at the very moderate price of **2½ gns.** No. 2 Model, with silk lined body, **3 gns.** Envelope Cases to match, **3/6**. Hats can also be supplied at **10/6**. "Acclaimed the acme of waterproof production."

All sizes ready for Immediate Wear. Coats on Approval. Patterns by Return.

Elvery's Estd. 1850. Ltd.

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And at **Elephant House, Dublin,** and **Cork.**

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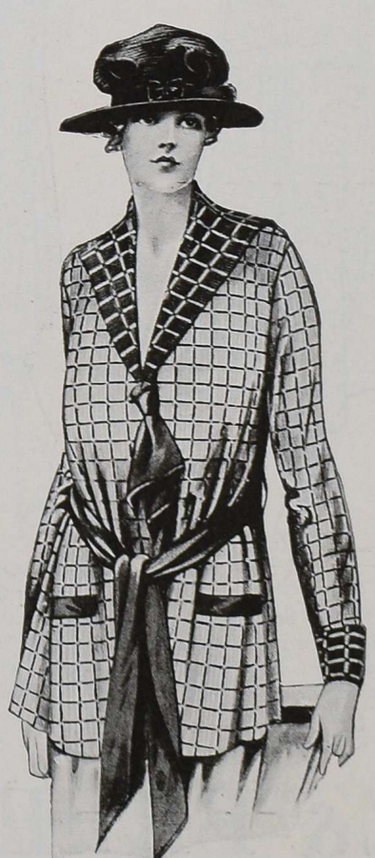
SPORTS COATS

QUALITY means so much in these garments. It means a style-distinction as lasting as the garment itself; it means a better satisfaction all the time; it means a very clearly proved economy in the end. Harrods' display of these Jerseys is of an unrivalled and most charming character. The Quality is in accord with Harrods' best traditions.

K.C. "DELICIA"

Artificial Silk Sports or House Coat in pretty, quiet striped colourings. Full fitting. Square Sailor Collar and Sash. **69/6**



K.C. "VIVIAN"

Charming Sports or House Pull-over of good quality Artificial Silk. Pretty check effects in contrasting colours. Deep Sailor Collar in reversible tone, and plain Sash to match. A Jumper of exclusive style and distinction. **84/-**

Harrods pay Carriage on all Drapery Goods.

Ask to have ALL Harrods' Booklets sent free, as issued.

HARRODS Ltd Woodman Burbidge *Managing Director.* **LONDON SW1**

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(READY TO WEAR.)

WOOL-CRAPE DRESSES

AT SPECIAL PRICES

DAY DRESSES

In Wool crape, with Rani satin collar, cuffs and waist belt

COLOURINGS

Light and dark saxe, purple, brown, green, navy and black. . . . . .

SIZES

13, 14 & 14½ in. necks

75/-

SKETCHES WITH PATTERNS OF MATERIALS POST FREE

LIBERTY & Co. LONDON W.1

Paris decrees that "My Lady" should use a gay little Arm Bag of Silk & Embroidery — And — for shopping, a stick *must* be carried, with decorative bird or animal head

The Labise Bag of Pault and Chinese Embroidery, **42/-**

Ladies' Walking Sticks, **21/6**

In Crêpe de Chine, **50/-**

In Crêpe Lingerie de Chine, **42/6**

Our Vest and Knickers set is entirely hand-made with picot-edged scallops in beautiful material, and finished with tiny roses and leaves. The whole effect is most striking.

ALL LABISE PACKAGES HAVE THE WAR SEAL AFFIXED.

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The Labise Co.

95 New Bond St. London W. 1

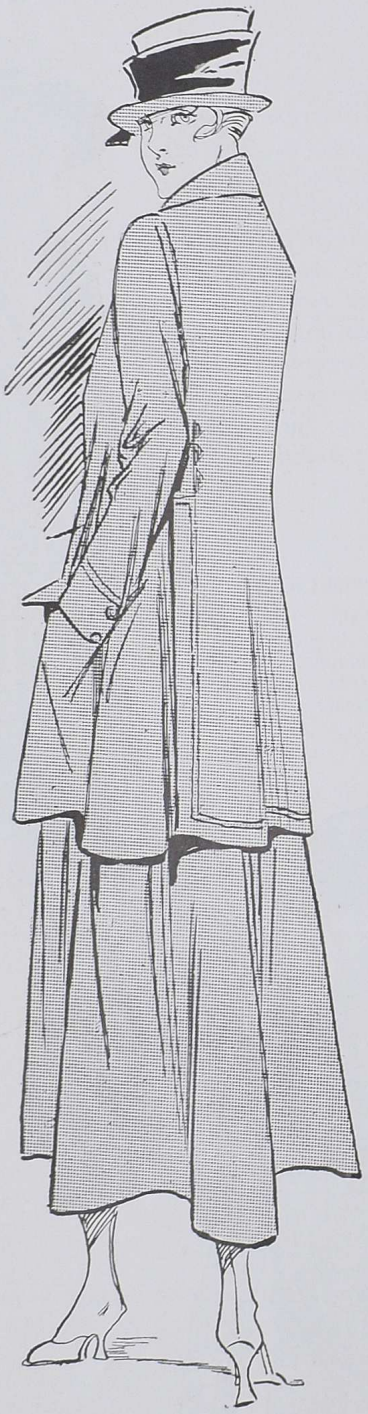
(Entrance in Blenheim Street) First Floor.

New Autumn Suiting Serge Suits.

Attractive, becoming, and thoroughly well tailored from men's Suiting Serges. These serviceable garments are suitable for street or best country wear, and are marked at exceptionally reasonable prices.

TAILOR SUIT, in best quality heavy-weight Suiting Serge. Coat cut on tailor-made lines, becomingly finished with wide Silk Braid. Plain, well-cut Skirt. In Navy and Black only.

Price $6\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.



TAILOR SUIT. Coat becomingly cut with Panel Back, finished with Silk Stitching. Plain well-cut Skirt. In best quality Navy and Black Suiting Serge.

Price $5\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

TAILOR SUIT, in best quality heavy-weight Suiting Serge. Coat cut on most practical and becoming lines with High Collar, Belt, and Pockets daintily finished with wide Silk Braid. Plain well-cut Skirt. In Navy and Black only.

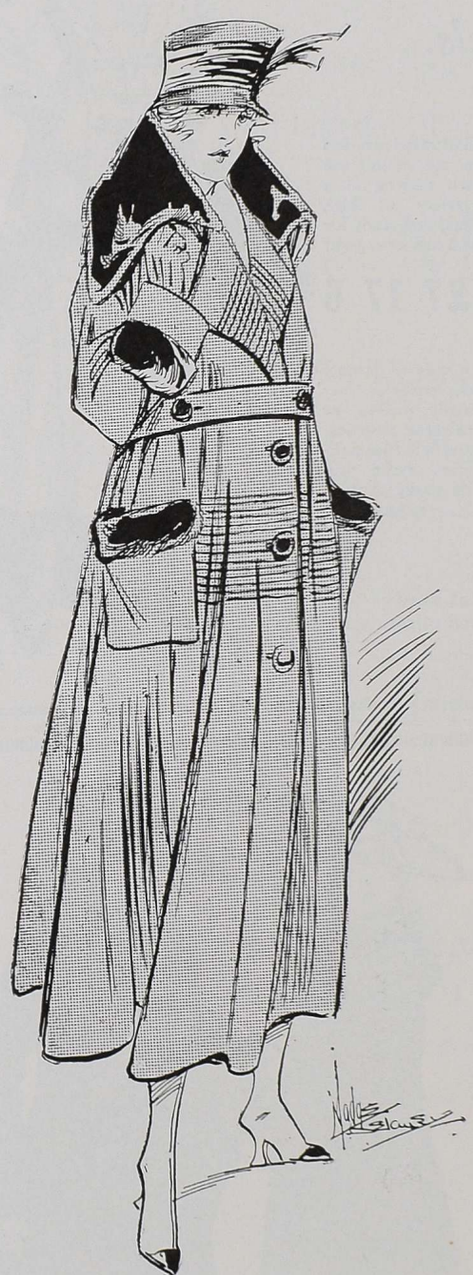
Price $6\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

WIGMORE STREET and WELBECK STREET, LONDON W.1.

Attractive Fur-trimmed Coats.

Made in artistic shades of best quality soft finish Wool Velour. These coats are cut on new and attractive lines, and taking into consideration the quality of the materials used, the prices will be found extremely moderate.



FUR - TRIMMED COAT, in best quality soft-finished Wool Velour. Cut on ample attractive lines, and daintily finished with Silk Stitching to tone. Large Collar, Cuffs, and Pockets finished with selected Seal Cony Fur. In Navy, Black, and a good range of Colours.

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FUR - TRIMMED COAT, in best quality soft-finished Wool Velour. Cut on simple, becoming lines; daintily finished with Silk Stitching to tone, and large Collar of selected Nutria Fur. In Navy, Black, and a good range of Colours.

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The Riding Habit has been our especial study for years. We guarantee the fullest satisfaction.

Our Habit Booklet, of interest to all equestriennes, we shall be pleased to forward on application.

Fig. 2

Fig. 1

AUTUMN 1917

Fig. 1. Coat Frock, as sketch, in Gabardine, cut on very becoming lines, finished at waist with two wide embroidered bands in oxidized silver, ditto at back. In all shades. 7 Gns.

Hat. A little French Model in Hatter's Plush, drooping brim, trimmed wide corded ribbon, finished flat bow at front. In various shades. 2½ Gns.

Fig. 2. Jumper Blouse in Crêpe de Chine, belt at waist, daintly arranged through slots under box-pleats. In all shades at 35/9

Fig. 3. Velours Cloth Coat, well cut, beautifully made, flounce, collar, and cuffs of natural opossum. In various shades. 10 Gns.

Fig. 4. Handsome New Model Fur Coat in very fine musquash, collar and cuffs real skunk, finished belt and pockets. 75 Gns.

Your inspection is invited

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Fig. 3 Fig. 4

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BEAUTIFUL FURS

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Moderate Prices.

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The "OSBORNE" *(as illustration)*
In fine natural Musquash,
16½, 18½, 21½, and **24 Guineas.**
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24, 27, and **30 Guineas.**
In Cony Seal,
14½, 17½, and **21 Guineas.**
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15½, 18½, 21½, and **25 Guineas.**
In Seal Musquash, plain,
28½ and **38½ Guineas.**
Trimmed Skunk,
30, 38, and **45 Guineas.**

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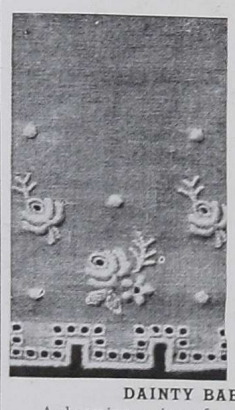

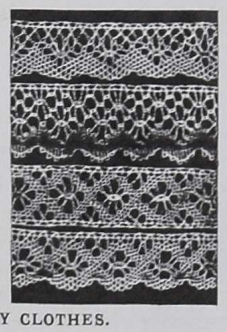

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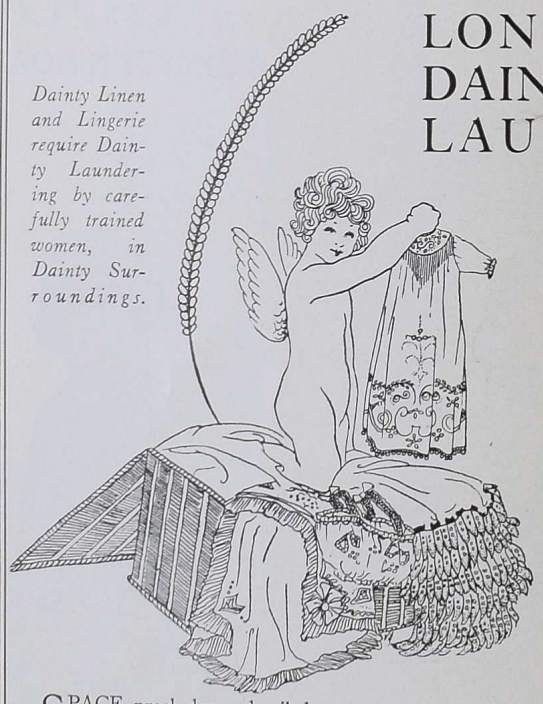

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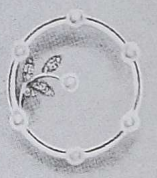

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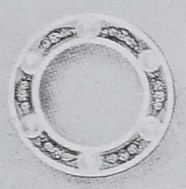

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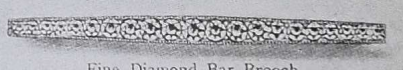

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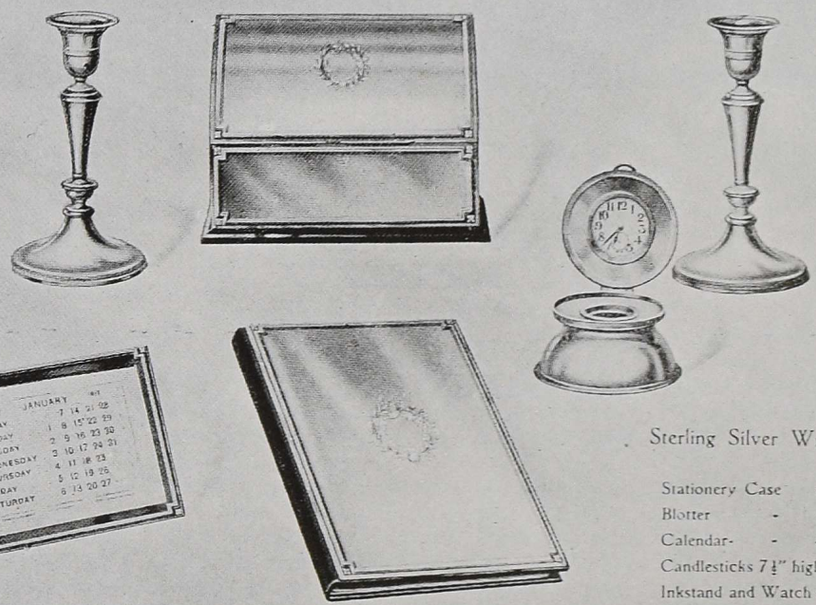

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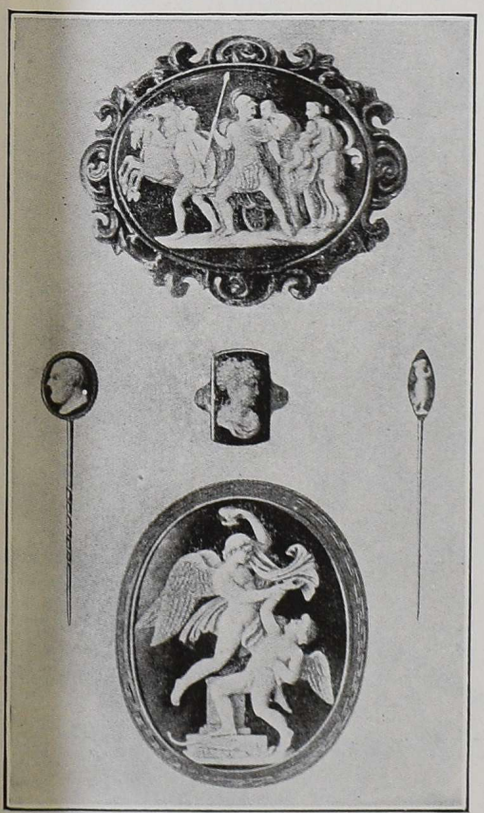

I am speaking from experience when I say that the present revival of the cameo is not due so much to its fashion as to the realisation of its unique art, charm and effect. Therefore the idea is erroneous that cameos will again go out of fashion and lose their value. What I can see is they will speedily increase in value, and will be ranged amongst the greatest of arts. The demand will soon be greater than the supply. The modern machine-made product nobody will have, with the result that new artists will arise, and cameo cutting will flourish again like it did in ancient Greece. The cameo artists of the future will be influenced by the ideals and temperaments of the generations to come, and engrave the people's thoughts on imperishable stone."

(Extract from Edwd Good's Booklet, "Cameos and Inspiration Jewellery.")

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Cover Design by George W. Plank

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for

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MRS. ADOLF LADENBURG

Mrs. Ladenburg, one of the leading members of the Meadow Brook colony, and an expert horsewoman, has recently turned her attention to our sailors and marines and arranged, for the benefit of a Brooklyn club for men of the navy, a dinner and vaudeville at the Ritz-Carlton. Among the patronesses were Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. James L. Putnam, Mrs. James Speyer, and Mrs. William Astor Chanler

Many women who would never before leave their own firesides are braving the wintriest days and the iciest sports since they've discovered how becoming are Shetland wool veils

MAKERS *of* MYSTERY

Nothing Is Kinder to a Woman Than Her Veil; It Bestows Upon Her an Air of Mystery, the Greatest Asset She Could Possess

IT is difficult to tell who has been the greatest benefactor of womankind. There have been so many noble souls who have given their whole lives to the great Cause of uplifting women, so many brave martyrs who have sacrificed their all to make life brighter for femininity. It is hard to say just which member of this glorious company has done the most. There are those who will cast their vote for the inventor of cosmetics, there are others who insist that the first compounder of perfume is the greatest figure in history. The inventors of silk stockings and decolleté gowns can never be overlooked, and whoever created the scarf has swayed the destinies of countless women,—and, therefore, of countless men. And then think of the person who first thought of rose-shaded lights!

But, in spite of all these, the truly wise woman never wavers for a moment in her decision as to the greatest benefactor of womankind that ever lived. "Whoever invented the veil," she says, without the slightest hesitation.

There are two things that have been inseparably associated with women ever since Adam's peace was first disturbed—one is trouble and the other is a veil. Ever since some unknown woman, far back in the dim recesses of history, held a length of transparent material casually over her face, and discovered, with a thrill, that it made her look something she wasn't, the veil has been one of the greatest things in woman's life.

THE CHARM OF THE VEIL

For that's the whole secret of the veil, you see,—it makes a woman look something that she isn't. And that is the goal of every woman's desire. If one is pretty, a veil will make her prettier; if one is beautiful, a veil makes her absolutely dazzling. When one is good to look upon, a veil is a luxury; when one isn't, a veil is a necessity. In the East, a woman is not allowed to appear in public unveiled; there are many women who are all too evidently living in the wrong hemisphere. They know nothing of the wonderful things a veil can do. The wonders of electricity, the marvels of science, are as nothing to the accomplishments of a yard or so of semi-transparent fabric. It lends an air of mystery—the greatest asset a woman can own. Women who are perfectly understandable, who can be read at a glance, become subtly mysterious, disturbingly unfathomable, when the veil casts its glamour over them. It's mystery that causes the downfall of man. Only those women who have the charm of mystery are dangerous,—and what woman wants to be perfectly safe, if she can help it? A man is utterly helpless in the presence of mystery; his trusty weapons, common sense, better judgment, strength of will, —none of them have the slightest effect against it. So long as a woman retains her mystery, that long will she keep her attraction; when a man feels that he understands a woman, it is the beginning of the end.

Almost every woman who has ever made history has done it with the aid of a veil. Think of all those Oriental home-wreckers whose names will never be forgotten,—Salome, for instance. Where would she have been if it weren't for her veils? And Cleopatra, too,—one pictures her as always gently swathed in a film of delicate fabrics, glowing in queenly colours. If the truth were known, it was probably those veils of hers that cost Mark Antony the world. All through the dusty pages of ancient history one can trace the trail of the veil. Almost all the famous men, the conquerors, the statesmen, the painters, the poets, have had their clear views of life obstructed by a cloud of tinted chiffon, at some time or another. And it isn't only in the dim yesterdays that the veil has played its part; to-day it is just as large a factor in the destinies of men and women, it is as responsible for just as many catastrophes.

A whole sermon on "How to be Charming though Motoring" is preached by two veils of violet chiffon, attached to a tiny hat. If one wishes to be particularly attractive, it is only necessary to throw back one veil

THE WIDOW'S LURE

Think of the traditional—one had almost said notorious—fascination of widows. Is it due to experience? Heavens, no! It's due simply and solely to their veils.

But the veil cannot accomplish miracles unaided. The veil itself is an innocent bit of fabric; it's the way it is worn that changes its entire nature. One's character is expressed by her method of wearing a veil far more truthfully than by any other trait. By their veils shall ye know them.

There are some women, good, kind, well-meaning people, who choose the

A tulle veil is but a light and airy trifle, but oh, the powers it is invested with when it is banded with a strip of black velvet, three inches wide, to make the neck it encircles seem dazzlingly white by contrast

most unobtrusive of fine-meshed veils, usually in a misty black or a serviceable dust colour, who tie it neatly around their conservative turbans, and sally forth to their welfare work. There are others who affect the flowing, fluttery, frivolous sort of veil, when they should have stopped fluttering and frivoling at least ten years ago. Others, again, select a figured veil, and put it on—it is just a trick of Fate, of course, but it does look as if they did it with malice aforethought—so that the figures appear in the most unfortunate places, giving an extremely startling effect, as of tattooing. Still others wear a veil as if it were a means of penance. It looks as if it had been put on in a heavy wind; it strains at its moorings, pulling the hat precariously over one ear, slipping uncomfortably about the throat, sliding hazardously about the hat-brim. Those are the women who go through life under a hideous blight,—they must eternally wear their clothes just wrong. And then there are the favourites of fortune, who wear their veils as if Nature herself had planned them, who put them on in just the right way and never let them stray a hair's breadth.

Putting on the veil is one of the highest forms of art,—putting it on cleverly, that is. Any woman can just tie on her veil and call it a day. Unless one is gifted by nature, the art of putting on a veil requires years of study. There are many far-sighted women who spend at least half an hour in arranging their veil, each time they wear one. They have found that the results among the men of their acquaintance more than justify the time and labour involved.

There's everything in wearing a veil well; but it's hard to accomplish. That's why we asked the artist to furnish some new ideas on the all-important subject. She has thought of all the different sorts of women and all the different conditions of hats, and then built her veils around them.

It's an exploded theory that the traditional charm of a widow is her experience, —countless women who aren't widowed at all are far more versed in knowledge. No, a widow's fascination may be directly traced to her veil, especially if it's of chiffon, doubly banded with crêpe, and cleverly attached to a crêpe turban

Whoever said, "A little widow is a dangerous thing," must have been thinking of a head-dress like this. From the turban of black and white crêpe with an utterly irresistible bride, falls a chiffon veil, broadly banded with crêpe. And—here's the thing —it falls down one side only, and winds about the neck in wide filmy folds

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A long muff, elaborately embroidered, continues the brown and gold designs on this wrap of smoke velvet. The sleeves, after the way of sleeves this season, wished to convey the impression of a cape. The fur is otter

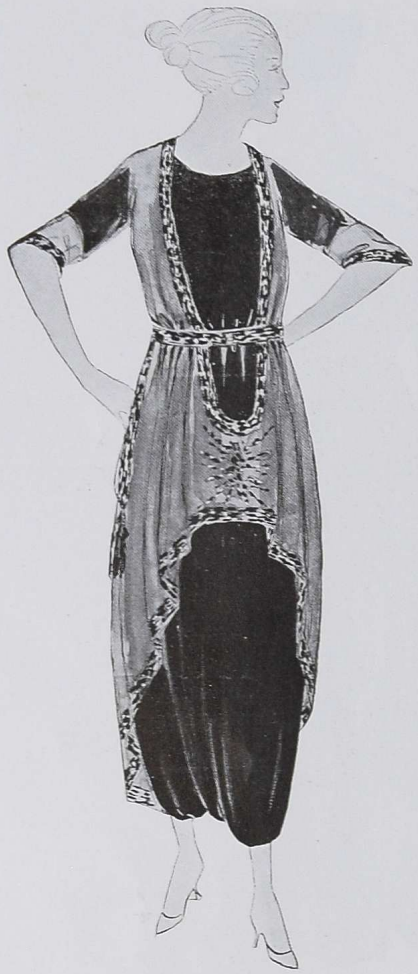
On very plain frocks, she puts collars and cuffs of brilliant stuffs; and then she thinks of the cleverness of adding a sumptuous Venetian waistcoat, precisely buttoned from top to bottom, and worn over an afternoon frock, with the innocent intention of keeping the wearer warm, in a coal-less winter. For decorative purposes? Paris wouldn't think of it. But why not be warm and lovely at the same time? Another Jenny frock looks like an adaptation of the formal dress of a Venetian countess; it is all of black satin with a pelerine of mole fitted over the sloping shoulders which, in these days of active women, it is hard to find outside of a portrait gallery. It is only when a woman removes her coat or loosens her wrap that one discovers these charming amenities. In the street, where formality reigns, one would never suspect them.

Held down by stern necessity, with their longing for feminine softnesses and elegancies rigourously repressed by the frugalities of the times, it is little wonder that women flock to the theatres—the only place in all Paris where they can feast their eyes on the gorgeousness of the days before August, 1914. "At least, give us something pretty to look at here," is the prayer of the Parisienne.

At the Théâtre Michel she gets it. Rip's piquancy, which he calls *"Plus Ça Change," is* playing there, with costumes by no less a personage than Paul Poiret; two of these costumes appear on page 45. "Poiret is himself again," was the first night verdict. Colour, gorgeous, scintillating, in combinations undreamed of by minds accustomed to months of horizon b. fills the stage to overflowing. It is all Poiret,— the single costume flashing like a jewel and enhanced a thousandfold by its setting and its relation to the one next to it, the grouping with its shifting play of subtle combinations, the decoration which forms the background of the whole, are the quintessence of Poiret.

POIRET COSTUMES "PLUS ÇA CHANGE"

There is plenty of originality in the piece itself. Here is no dull and faithful reproduction of historical incident. The *petit souper* of a monarch in his very much lighter moments— would that interest you? It would as written by Rip and staged by Poiret. And as an added piquancy, the characters all talk in the real French of the time. A little difficult, this, for those of us in the dictionary stage, but Paris is staging her things for her own people nowadays. The tourist is forgotten; he is no more. And the attitudes of these fair ladies in their spreading robes of blue, red, and orange! We have seen them in galleries. Yes, and smiled, and shifted our weight to the balls of our feet, and thanked Heaven for a gymnastic age. But we had no idea of the fantastic grace of this swayed-forward posture, with delicate hands, barely holding a lace handkerchief, resting lightly crossed on the excessively prominent stomacher. To every age it's charm; but no one but Poiret could have made war-time Paris believe in the silhouette of the crinoline or the fantastic long-pointed hennin.



This black satin frock is veiled with black mousseline, but ends less discreetly in something very near to Turkish trousers

When a ruby red tunic of Georgette crêpe, with red beaded trimming, appears over black velvet, the result is really interesting

Almost anyone could march triumphantly through the winter in this military-looking coat of green velvet, with kolinsky trimming

Very suggestive of the Turkish silhouette is this purple velvet gown with a wide sash of blue and silver figured ribbon

Amid the many styles of wraps this season, this one of brown-embroidered black silk is full and deep-collared. The collar is of rabbit

JENNY ILLUSTRATES THE TALE THAT TUNICS AND COATS ARE LONG THIS SEASON; AND RABBIT FUR IS VERY SHORT—IT'S BEEN CLIPPED, IN FACT

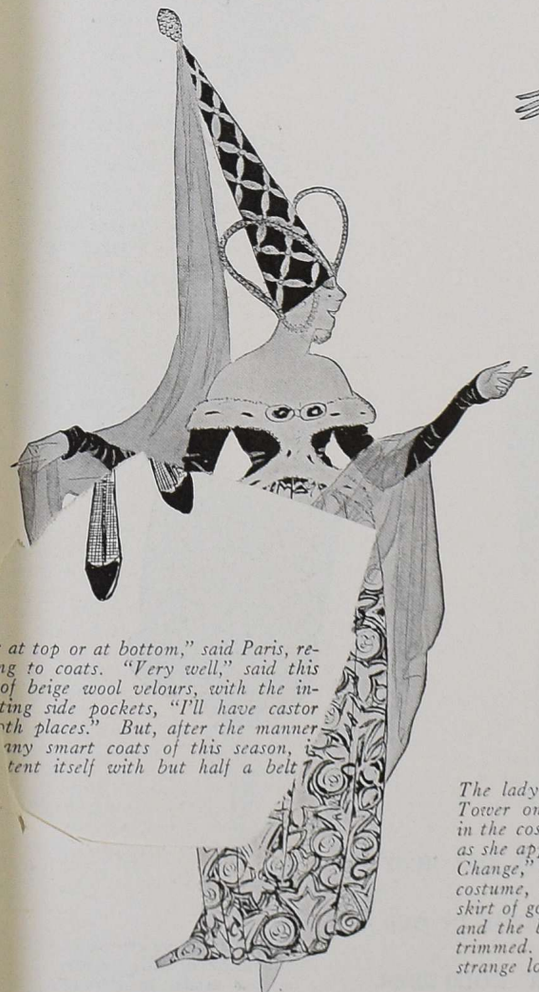
The rabbit has endured much at the hands of Fashion—now they have clipped his hair short to trim this gray wool velours coat

Some very smart person who was seen at Biarritz, wore her hair short and cut in a bang over her interesting brows

The Parisienne has found a new coiffure; she piles her hair in a whirl and achieves remarkable height and fluffiness

It took a great many widths of orange and gray damask to make the panniers of this Poiret gown worn by Mlle. Spinelli in the play, "Plus Ça Change," at the Théâtre Michel. The front of the skirt is of orange velvet, and there are orange and gray tassels on either side of this front panel, and orange bows on the bodice

When Mlle. Madeleine Cartier appeared at the Bouffes-Parisiens in Sacha Guitry's new play, "L'Illusioniste", she wore this naive little Callot gown of pink mousseline, with its simple decoration of rose beads and paillette embroidery



"Fur at top or at bottom," said Paris, referring to coats. "Very well," said this of beige wool velours, with the inting side pockets, "I'll have castor th places." But, after the manner ny smart coats of this season, tent itself with but half a belt

The lady with the moyen-age Eiffel Tower on her head is Mlle. Spinelli in the costume of Isabeau de Bavière, as she appeared in the play, "Plus Ça Change," at the Théâtre Michel. The costume, designed by Poiret, has a skirt of gold, red, and blue lamé tissue and the bodice is red velvet, ermine trimmed. The blue and gold hat has strange loops of gold beads, and the long scarf is blue

e wool muffler, which, up to recent seaons, hadn't had a show in the mode since ictorian days, is now a matter of great portance and even forms part of the at. This scarf of green wool velours, e the coat, has a yellow facing and is finished with chenille embroidery

TWO EXTR

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LELONG AND MAUPAS REITERATE THE PARIS CREED OF WAR-TIME WINTERS: WARM, SOFT, AND SEVERELY SIMPLE

The apotheosis of the French twist is this coiffure which went to the Bouffes-Parisiens

A little brick red felt model from Motsch considers its ability to fold into a box its best trick

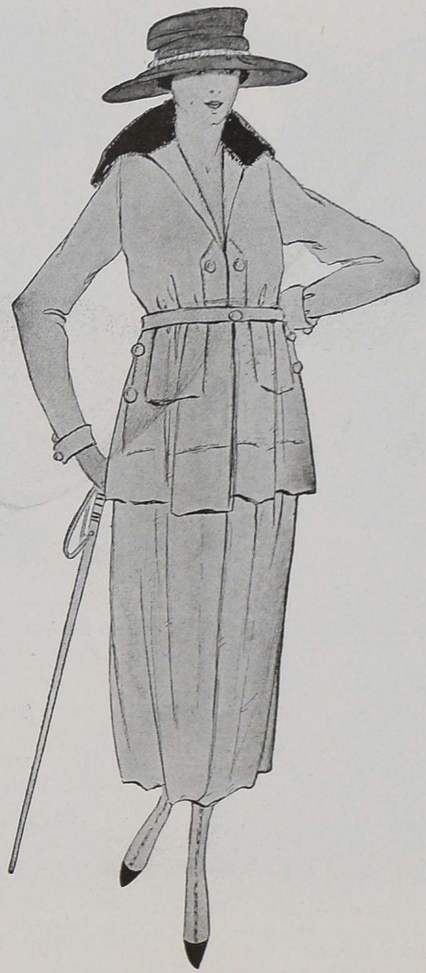
To be thus coiffed, hatted, and veiled is to be impeccably smart in the eyes of all Biarritz

A silk jersey frock, gray blue and very full as to sleeves, surpassed the mode and chose to become almost all tunic. Fluffy embroidery in gray blue wool, opossum fur, and a black satin slip complete this work of Maupas

Heavy dresses are loosely and simply fashioned. This Lelong model of marron velvet joins waist and skirt at the hip-line and depends for a girdle on its surplice ends; there is a collar of écru lace over a folded strip of blue silk

Warmly furred and warm of material are the tailored costumes of the season. Lelong makes this tailleur of emerald green velours de laine, cut on simple lines and trimmed with otter on both the narrow skirt and the knee-length coat

The costume of no regrets is the blue serge tailleur, especially when designed by Paquin, deftly embroidered in the same colour, and trimmed with taupe fur. Lewis made the hat of the new crushed strawberry velvet draped in regular gatherings and embroidered with silk



Also for Florence Walton did Paquin design this walking-costume of beige velours de laine, broadly collared with black fox. With this costume, Miss Walton wears trim boots of matching cloth and carries a cane with ivory handle. The Lewis hat is brown satin

In Paris they do everything to velvet; here Premet has striped it with machine-stitches. This tailleur is of marine blue velvet, and the waistcoat is of canary yellow velours de laine and black paillettes. The Lewis hat is of brown velvet, with a pink and gold gallite pin

IN FRANCE, FLORENCE WALTON DEVOTED HER ART TO THE CHASSEURS ALPINS

WHEN Florence Walton returned the other day from her latest invasion of Paris, she brought with her, among other spoils, the four costumes on this page. Frocks and coats and hats were matters of obvious insignificance, however, before a plain little felt beret—the sort of thing that a French schoolboy could buy for a few francs before the war. This she gave the place of honour in her hat-trunk, prizing it above all the "creations" in the world. Why not, when it is the badge of the Chasseurs Alpins, the "Blue Devils of France," one of the most famous corps in the world, and their General had given it to her with his own hand?

The prettiest actresses in Paris have been making trips to the trenches to play for the *poilus*, and Miss Walton found time to follow their example and to dance in one of those extraordinary theatres which are just out of gun-range. Her audience was composed of Chasseurs Alpins, and they appreciated both her thought of them and her dancing so highly that they made her *officier avec brevet* before she left them. That is why the plain little beret means more to her than all the velvet hats and aigrettes in the universe.

The four costumes on this page are good representatives of what the French capital does

We believe that Chéruit had an Indian costume in mind in making this evening frock. The hand-embroidery and small white buttons give an effect of bead work, and those little loops surely once were leather; at present, however, they are of white Georgette crêpe, like the frock, and the bands are gray fur

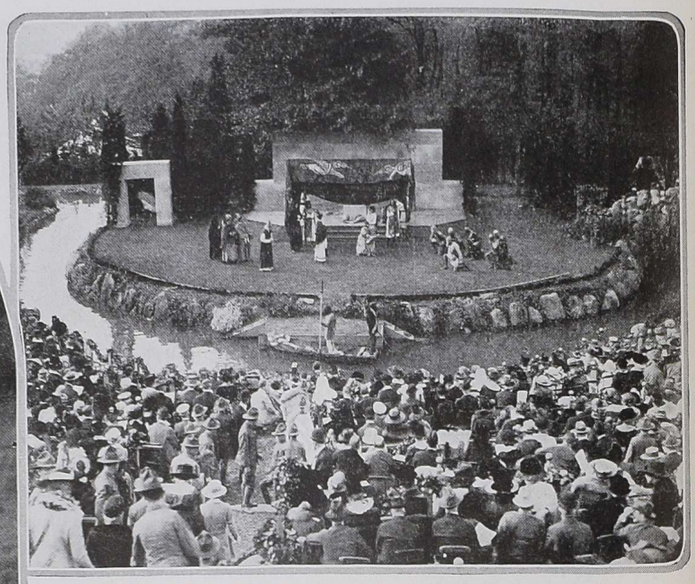
PAQUIN, PREMET, CHÉRUIT, AND LEWIS DEVOTED THEIR ART TO FLORENCE WALTON

when it thinks in terms of winter garments. First, two tailleurs from Paquin. One of them is very simple, a morning suit of beige cloth, with just a thought of sombreness in the black fox collar. The other, short and practical, too, is a little more elaborate because it is braided all over with soutache in the same tone—a dark navy blue. Revers and sleeves are all that escape. Here and there are touches of mole, because it is winter.

Then there is a suit of very dark blue velvet from Premet. The novelty of this lies in the vertical stitching, which runs up and down all over it and makes the material look as if it were striped. Of course there is a vest, and it is made of velours de laine, in chrome yellow, with square embroideries of jet. The vest and coat are both perfectly guiltless of collar, and the narrow belt has a Louis XIV air about it.

Chéruit designed the frock in the middle of lower half of the page. She took white crêpe and ran a double row of loops up and down the front like a ladder. Then she trimmed the crêpe with tiny white buttons and embroidery in white silk. Then she put a gray fur hem, and then she had an inspiration—a gray fur belt. Beware of it unless you have the supple slender lines of a dancer. Gray fur in just that spot adds inches and inches to the waist-line.

As Jeanne d'Arc, in the French episode of the first part, Ina Claire, the successful "Polly With a Past," won a silent tribute to France in the spontaneous rising of the audience which greeted her entrance



© by International Film Service

Over the heads of the audience watching the pageant at "Rosemary Farm," one may see King John signing the Magna Charta at Runnymede

THE AMERICAN STAGE PAYS ITS TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

IN the open-air theatre at "Rosemary Farm," the Long Island estate of Mr. Roland R. Conklin, was given, early in October, a most gorgeous pageant, which proved to be, at the same time, one of the most successful of war benefits. This pageant, which consisted of episodes from the history of each of the Allied nations, and the presentation of the case of each Ally before the bar of Truth, Justice, and Liberty, was organized by actors and actresses of the American stage as their contribution to the American

(*Continued on page 86*)

Three photographs by Ira L. Hill

Jeanne de Clairmont, personified by Jeanne Eagels (now playing in "Hamilton"), was so gay a coquette of the old French school as to make one realize the sad decline of coquetry in this day and generation

In the historic pageant which preceded "The Drawing of the Sword," Ethel Barrymore appeared as Flanders in the gorgeous raiment of old Flemish days,—a striking contrast to her later appearance as mourning Belgium

In the episode of the days of Jeanne d'Arc, Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin was the Duchess d'Alençon and wore the sumptuous costume of the court of Charles VII

Frances White, whose vocation is promoting gaiety at the Midnight Frolic, was a page of the court. Her dancing partner, William Rock, was a jester

Aimée Dalmores forsook the "movies" to appear in the Red Cross Pageant as the Countess de Nevers, in medieval costume with hennin and floating veil

Ira L. Hill

Olive Tell represented Louvain in the quartet of cities which came to offer their allegiance to Flanders in the Flemish episode of the historic pageant

Clifton Webb, who appeared this season in "Love o' Mike," found use for his excellent voice as Alain Chartier, the troubadour

Adelaide Prince (now playing in "Mary's Ankle"), represented the old Flemish city of Ypres which appeared with Louvain, Ghent, and Bruges

Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich sponsored this charmingly simple coiffure at dinner at the Ritz

Among the enthusiastic spectators at the exciting race for the Harbor Hill Cup were Mrs. Lydig Hoyt and Mrs. William Woodward, and Captain F. F. de Casteja, of the French Army

A hat of tête de nègre satin with two sprays of osprey was seen at the Red Cross Pageant

Leopard skin combined with tawny brown fur helped to keep one young person warm at the Pageant of the Allies at "Rosemary Farm"

A curious enamel band, in varied colours, gave an oriental air to this coiffure, seen at the Ritz

Yards of dark blue maline wound about this hat and tied nonchalantly in the back gave a whimsical and decidedly smart effect

Mrs. George Baker, junior, was one of the notable gathering at the first autumn races at Piping Rock

A smart shooting-costume was this one, worn by an instructor at the rifle range atop the Vanderbilt

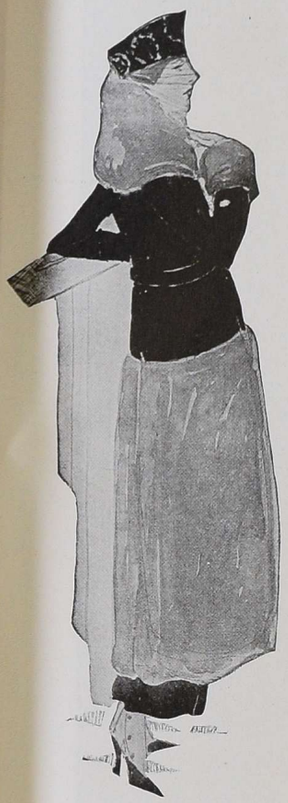
Little Miss Betty Stettinius, a skilful rider at the season's horse shows, viewed the Piping Rock races

Miss Martha Maynard is a very active member of the shooting-club which replaces the thé dansant

A young girl wore this effective costume all in blue and gray while taking tea one day at Sherry's

A NEW SEASON SEES NEW YORK TRANSFORMED

Fifth Avenue Is Not the Avenue of Other Days; Stirred by the Greatness of World War, It Assumes New Activities with a New Dignity



Very smart, both as to hat and as to coat, was Miss Grace Cumnock at the Piping Rock race meet

FIFTH AVENUE is by degrees taking on a new personality. Associated first with the aristocratic residences of the city, and, later, also with the shops of the more exclusive tradesmen, it has now taken on an entirely new significance. Since the entrance of America into the war, Fifth Avenue has looked upon General Joffre and the Honourable Arthur Balfour, upon the Italian Prince Udine, and upon missions from Belgium and Japan. Fifth Avenue has been hung with many flags and decorated with many emblems, from the single red circle of Japan to the scarlet insignia of the Red Cross, so dramatically flung from every post on the day when the nurses held their parade.

Down the broad sweep of this same Avenue have marched the crack regiments of the state: the Seventy-first, the Sixty-ninth, the Seventh, and lastly, with flying pennants, Squadron A, the very name of which conjures up visions of plumed hats, perfectly groomed horses, and parade reviews; this time they came as a company of serious-faced men clad in the olive drab uniform of service and bearing all their army equipment strapped to the backs of their saddles.

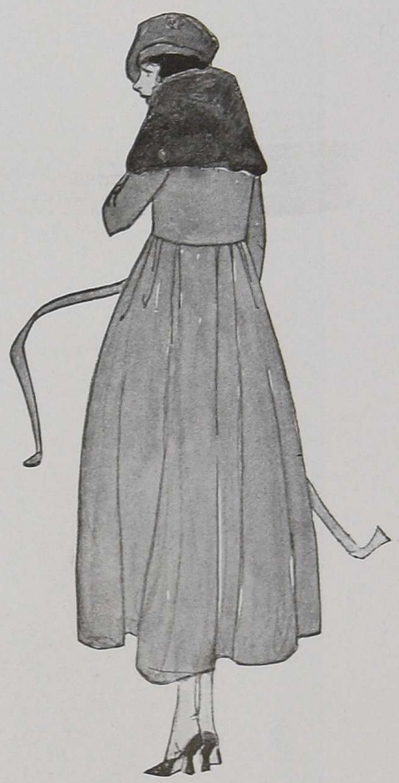
THE SPIRIT OF FIFTH AVENUE

These manifestations of the powerful activities that now stir us are always viewed by the same crowd,—quiet, intent, and sympathetic, but stirred by odd little bursts of enthusiasm; and always at intervals a voice calls out "Good-bye, Bob," or "Good luck, Dick," and some bronzed youth in the line smiles his acknowledgment of the greeting. Before the Public Library, some one is always haranguing a crowd; it may be a woman with a megaphone selling Liberty Bonds, or perhaps it is a youth with a stretcher and a scarred war dog collecting funds for the Russian ambulance; but one misses the slender young officer in uniform who, earlier in the season, used to end his appeal for recruits with, "Come on fellows—enlist! I want a lot of you to come up to me 'over there' and say, 'Hello! I remember you; I heard you talk on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street,—let me see, that's about three thousand miles away.'"

Fifth Avenue can never again be associated merely with wealth and fashion; it has taken on a new character, and with it comes an entirely new dignity. The very churches which are scattered along its length seem to have acquired an added impressiveness, for to them, as to the churches of England and France, has turned many a watcher, after the soldiers have passed, to murmur a prayer or light a candle for the safety of those who leave for "over there." This change is not confined merely to this one great Avenue, however. New York itself is not like the New York of other seasons: in everything there is an undernote of seriousness. The Junior Assemblies and the dances at Sherry's have been given up, and few hostesses have made any plans for private entertainments. The opera and the various more or less formal affairs held for the benefit of war charities promise to provide the only break in the dulness of the season. The dinner and vaudeville which was planned by Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg for the benefit of the Sailors' Club, at 81 Sands Street, Brooklyn, was held at the Ritz and brought a number of smart people from Long Island into town one Sunday evening a short time ago. The Sailors' Club will provide for the sailors and marines of the United States Navy many comforts and small luxuries, such as tobacco, at a very low cost. Among those who lent their support to the entertainment were a number of officers of both the army and the navy, as well as many civilians of social prominence.

The uniforms of the men in service make striking foils for the toilettes that are seen at evening affairs these days. One of the most effective evening gowns that has been recently noted was the black costume worn by a very smart woman who was hostess to a small dinner party at the Ritz; this gown, which is sketched at the left in the illustration at the botom of this page, had a panel of chiffon at the front and a long train of satin, while the rest of the gown was heavily embroidered with jet. Of unusual form were the straps of silver and crystal over the shoulders. A scarf of black tulle supplemented the gown; these tulle scarfs, by the way, are much in evidence now and are even seen with fur collars. A very lovely gown which was worn by one of the guests of the evening appears in the same illustration. Of black tulle, it was lightly embroidered in silver and jet and was worn over a foundation of silver cloth. There was an unusual short cape of tulle at the back, extending over the top of the black velvet train, which showed silver as a lining. A bag, which hung from the arm by a silver cord, was of black velvet decorated with a single silver rose. Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich, who was one of those dining at the Ritz that evening, affects the smart coiffure shown in the sketch at the upper left of the opposite page. The hair was drawn from the forehead in a loose pompadour and arranged in a knot rather high at the back of the head. One woman wore, with interesting oriental effect, the coiffure sketched in the middle of page 52. Her dark hair was so arranged that no knot was visible, and low across her brow was drawn a curious band of old-blue, green, and purple enamel.

A very smart woman who was hostess at a dinner at the Ritz recently, wore the jet-embroidered black gown at the left. One of the guests appeared in a distinguished combination of black and silver



Miss Marion Tiffany watched the excitement of the first races of the autumn at Piping Rock

A NEW RIFLE RANGE

Since a lack of available partners has rather discouraged dancing, the question of a popular pastime receives an agreeable answer in the new shooting-club that has its range on the top of the Vanderbilt. Captain Philip Lydig, Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart, junior, Mr. Percy Pyne, junior, and Mr. J. Louis Boissevain are among its sponsors. The range is equipped with a hunting-lodge with its due complement of open fires; on certain afternoons it will be

(*Continued on page 96*)

A JEWEL MAY BE AS BRAVE AS A SMILE

JEWELS FROM CARTIER POSED BY FLORE REVALLES

It was Queen Victoria who said that, during a period of stress, the duty of women was to "keep up the tone of the country," not only by their calm in every situation, but by maintaining, also, their feminine charm. Nowadays, the American woman realizes that the true patriot is she who looks her loveliest and does her utmost to maintain her charm and gaiety. This she does by wearing her loveliest gowns and jewels

This set of diamonds and pearls—and no one has discovered anything more lovely for evening wear than diamonds and pearls—consists of earrings, each a pear-shaped drop of one exquisitely cut diamond and smaller diamonds set in platinum. The collar is of tiny pearls, strung on fine platinum wire, and it fastens with a clasp of diamonds set in platinum. The rope of matched pearls is strung on silk, and the ring is a pearl set in a circle of diamonds, in a gold and platinum band

The earrings of this set for daytime wear are each a pear-shaped emerald set with a pearl stud and brilliants in platinum. On two black cords around the neck is an ornament of East Indian design in emeralds and diamonds; this cord has two diamond slides and a diamond clasp. A string of pearls, clasped with emeralds in back, forms the chain for an emerald from which hang two pear-shaped emeralds, two pearls, and an uncut ruby. Two hats from Waters

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING JEWELED

When, for the Sake of Drooping Spirits, Something Needs to Be Added to the Gaiety of Nations, Nothing Could Sparkle More Courageously Than Exquisite Jewels

WE are all doing our best to keep the world a livable place in these war times. We have looked to the comfort of our soldiers and sailors; we have given our money freely; we have started to rebuild towns and to replace forests; in other words, we have been, and are, doing our bit.

However, there is another most important side to this business of doing our bit,—the side which "keeps the tone of the world up." It was Queen Victoria of England who explained the meaning of this particular duty of women to her feminine subjects. It was at the time of the Boer war, when the women were saying fond good-byes and sending their men to far South Africa. Spirits were naturally low then, and many women, in their discouragement, discarded all gaiety and affected mourning in their clothes to an extreme degree.

KEEPING UP ONE'S TONE

It was at this critical moment that the Queen made her remarkable declaration and saved the day. She said that her women should be more sportsmanlike; that not only must they keep their own courage up, but the courage of their men as well, and this they would never do by affecting sensational mourning, either in spirits or in appearance, but only by maintaining their charm, their ability to master all situations, and, above all, by remaining their lovely feminine selves.

The Frenchwoman knows the value of always looking her best. She knows that without her personal charm, little can be done, while with it, anything may be accomplished. It is in the French home, too, that the subject, "war" is tabooed when the men come from the front. Home, in the fullest meaning of the word, is then expressed; an atmosphere of brave sympathy and lightest spirits and gaiety is insisted upon throughout that furlough. The Frenchwoman then wears her prettiest gowns, her loveliest jewels, and she is gay and laughs,—and who knows so well as the Frenchwoman how to laugh when perhaps she fears most?

Some of our most philanthropic American women have, in their keen enthusiasm to be of service, unconsciously taken the burdens of the world upon their shoulders. They have worn neutral clothes in neutral colours, and have packed their lovely clothes away and sent all their jewels to the safe-deposit.

There is no wearing-apparel that evidences prosperous times as do rare jewels. Jewels are the emblems of wealth and power. If these are discarded, are we to believe that the era of imposing and stately ceremonies has passed? This is by no means true, for, as the months roll by and economic conditions gradually take on a more decidedly encouraging form, we shall see, at the coming functions, the jewels and gowns that have, in a burst of misconstrued patriotism, been laid aside. These will be the surface expressions of the success which is truly ours in all our industries and other undertakings.

This is the spirit of the new shop of Cartier, a spirit which is a very true interpretation of the Paris house of Cartier. Jewels of every type and description are shown, and these jewels are as lovely as they are rare. Pearls and diamonds are the leaders in precious jewels, as they have always been, but there is always a fad or fashion in jewels, as in everything else that has an appreciative following. This season there is a marked tendency for stones odd in colour, cut in unusual design, and suspended from cords and chains that are such a contrast in themselves that they are startling. It is in this shop that several pendants are shown, designed after East Indian patterns, and made in East Indian colour combinations. There is a pendant which has a priceless emerald suspended on a chain of pearls, and which is further ornamented with two pear-shaped emeralds and an uncut ruby strung on a platinum chain. Each stone is set in platinum prongs, which are paved with tiny brilliants, and the clasp, which is a cluster of emeralds, is set in gold.

THE JEWELS OF THE DAY

The bandeau or the diadem, worn with a collar of pearls and diamonds, or a necklace of diamonds, is the sort of formal jewel to be worn to the opera. Ropes of pearls and short pearl strands are the acknowledged favourite for the afternoon, although, of late, pendants, ornamented with odd and precious stones, suspended on chains or cords, are seen a great deal in the daytime.

The only respect in which the war has affected jewels is that their settings are more simple.

CARTIER OFFERS JEWELS "TO KEEP UP THE TONE OF THE WORLD," FOR THESE ARE NO TIMES TO DRESS DRABLY AND CONCEAL THE GAIETY OF JEWELS IN SAFE-DEPOSITS

(Right) The aigrette head-dress requires a most exquisite setting to carry out the idea of queenliness it implies. This one is set in a motif made of finely cut diamonds, large and small, set in platinum. The collar, designed from those of the time of Louis XVI, is a narrow band of finely cut diamonds, set in platinum, and at one side is a flat flexible bow-knot of large diamonds and finely cut brilliants. The bracelet of this set is a flexible platinum band set with small diamonds with a group of large diamonds as a centre motif. Callot gown from Bergdorf and Goodman

(Below) The American woman is really just beginning to realize the possibilities of the diamond tiara. This one is of marvellously designed platinum, made with large diamonds at the points and smaller diamonds to carry out the design. The diamond ornament on the front of the gown fastens on one shoulder with diamond pins from which several flexible chains of diamonds in platinum are suspended; these are caught again by a wheel-like diamond pin in front. The earrings are pear-shaped diamonds, suspended by a brilliant-set platinum chain. Bulloz gown from Bergdorf and Goodman

BENEYER

WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

The Beauty Specialists Have Conspired to Make the Pre-Retiring Hour the Busiest Time in a Woman's Day

By DOROTHY ROTHSCHILD PARKER

IT all started when I crossed the French gray threshold of Mme. Claudine, beauty specialist. Up to that time, I have always considered myself happy. My life was singularly free from care and sorrow, and I knew nothing of the bitterness of labour. But that is all over now. I will never be the innocent girl that I was before Mme. Claudine, beauty specialist, came into my life. I may get over it, but I shall never be the same.

You see, I have always had a longing to be beautiful. It was a veritable obsession with me. As a result of having people say to me, in early youth, "Don't you care—handsome is as handsome does," or "Never you mind, dear, it isn't always a pretty face that attracts the men," I grew quite bitter about the thing. I took every pretty woman as a personal affront, and every time some unusually dazzling creature passed me, I murmured, resentfully, "There, but for the grace of God, go I!" But, though I longed with all my heart to be beautiful, I never took any action about it. I didn't know exactly what to do. I realized that there were far too many beautiful women in this world for beauty to be a mere gift of nature, but I had no idea how it was attained,—that is, I had no idea until I went to see Mme. Claudine. Mme. Claudine's mauve and French gray salon was a deceitfully unbusinesslike place, cloying with the odours of myriad creams and powders. Mme. Claudine herself was tall and dark and exquisitely painted, clad in a gray gown that looked as if it had been put on with a brush. She had a manner singularly at variance with her looks, for she was brisk and businesslike, and she spoke volubly, in a clear, rather loud voice.

I sadly surveyed myself in the mirror. I can only say that my appearance would have been grounds for divorce in any state in the Union

THE ETCETERAS OF BEAUTY

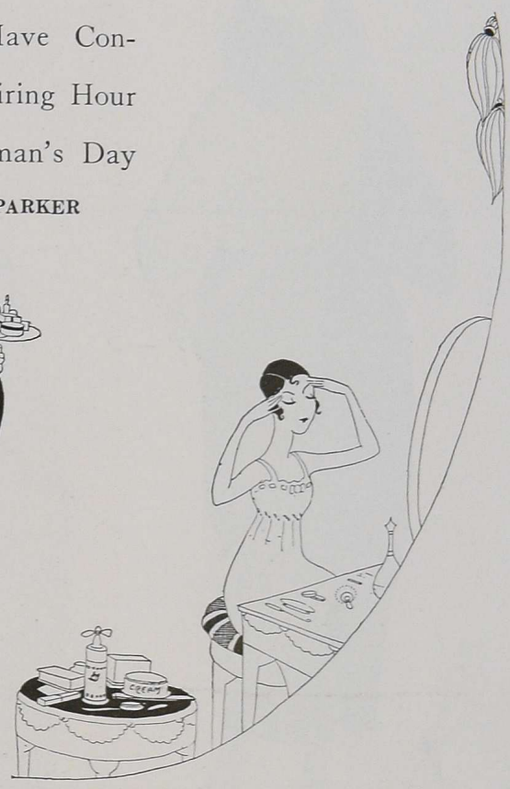
When women stop wanting to be beautiful, and Mme. Claudine is forced to discontinue her business as a beauty specialist, another calling is awaiting her. She can become an agent for "The Lives and Letters of the World's Greatest Composers," in fourteen volumes; so unmistakable a talent I have never seen. In half an hour she had sold me more creams, lotions, soaps, ointments, and appliances than I had even known existed. When the case containing all the articles was deposited in my hall that afternoon, I could not believe that it held my purchases. I thought that some one had played a joke on me and sent me a Ford.

Mme. Claudine was nothing if not thorough. She set down a diet list, rigidly excluding everything palatable, she wrote a series of exercises, and she gave me a folio of instructions as to the exact use of each aid to beauty that I had acquired. It seemed that the important part of the treatment was that it must be applied at night, just before retiring. The last hour, before I went to bed, was to be the busiest hour of the day. She gave me the impression that everything would be ruined if the rites were conducted by daylight. It must all be done at night,—the exercises must be gone through, the lotions applied, the contrivances to bring beauty nearer must be donned. Those were her last words to me, "Remember, at night, just before you go to bed."

I wondered why, at the time, one must do all this just before going to bed. I know, now, all too well. It is because, after one has finished with her struggle for beauty, she is so exhausted that she couldn't possibly do anything but go to bed. But I am digressing.

IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT

That night, I locked myself in what the early-Victorian novelists called the privacy of my chamber. I knew that one should have a French maid or so to assist with the ceremonies,—they are part of the rite. But, although not at all a clairvoyant sort of person, I seemed to see a picture of what I was going to look like when I was accoutred in some of those beauty contrivances of Mme. Claudine's invention, and I felt it was one of those times which come in the life of every woman, when it is best to be alone.



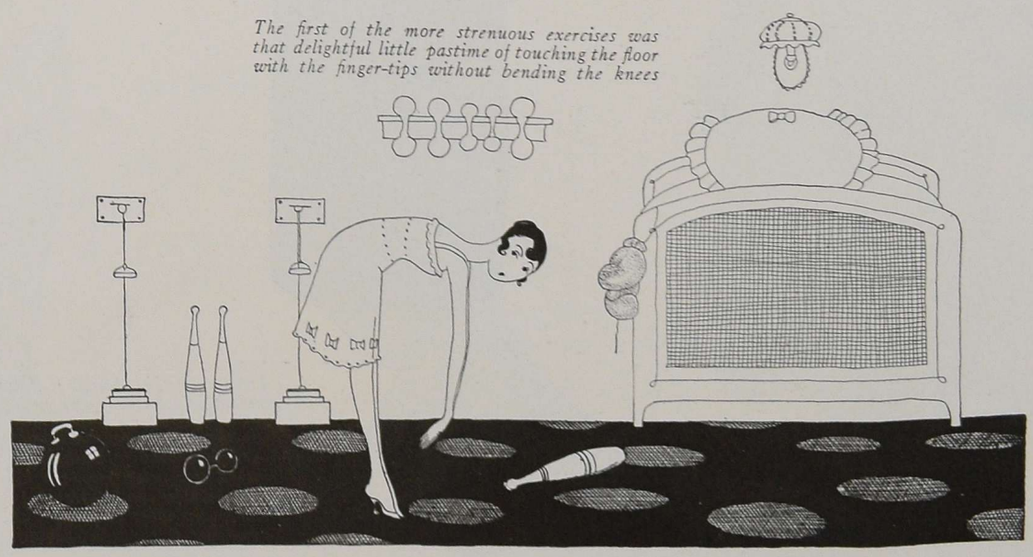
I knew that one should have a French maid or so to assist with the ceremonies — they are part of the rule

I started the performance at my usual retiring-hour, thinking, in my blissful ignorance, that it would be all over in about twenty minutes. I have since learned that one should begin one's beauty culture about tea-time,—that is, if one wishes to go to bed the same night.

The first thing on the list was my hair. In happier days, I had always brushed my hair fifty times, night and morning, and called it a day. But that was mere child's play compared to Mme. Claudine's system. First, the scalp had to be massaged for twenty minutes,—how easy that is to read! There has never been a longer twenty minutes in my life than that one.

(*Continued on page 92*)

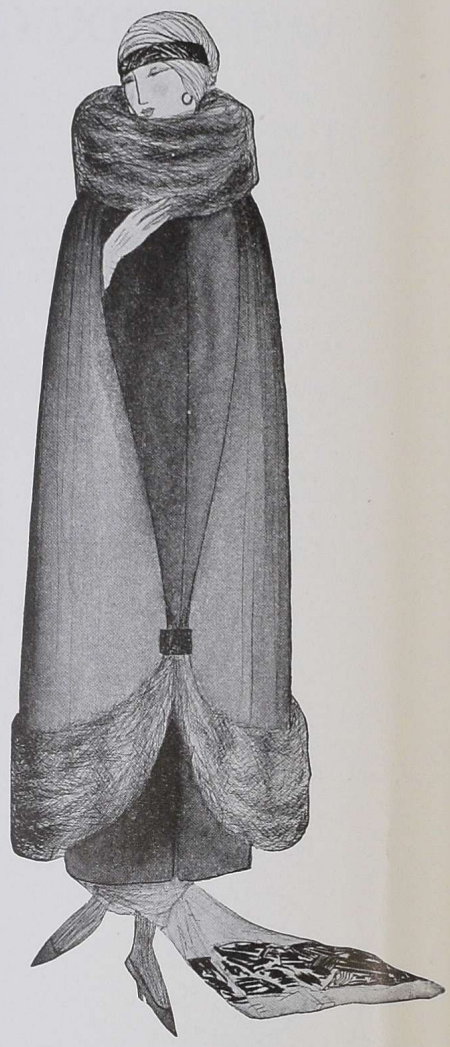
The first of the more strenuous exercises was that delightful little pastime of touching the floor with the finger-tips without bending the knees



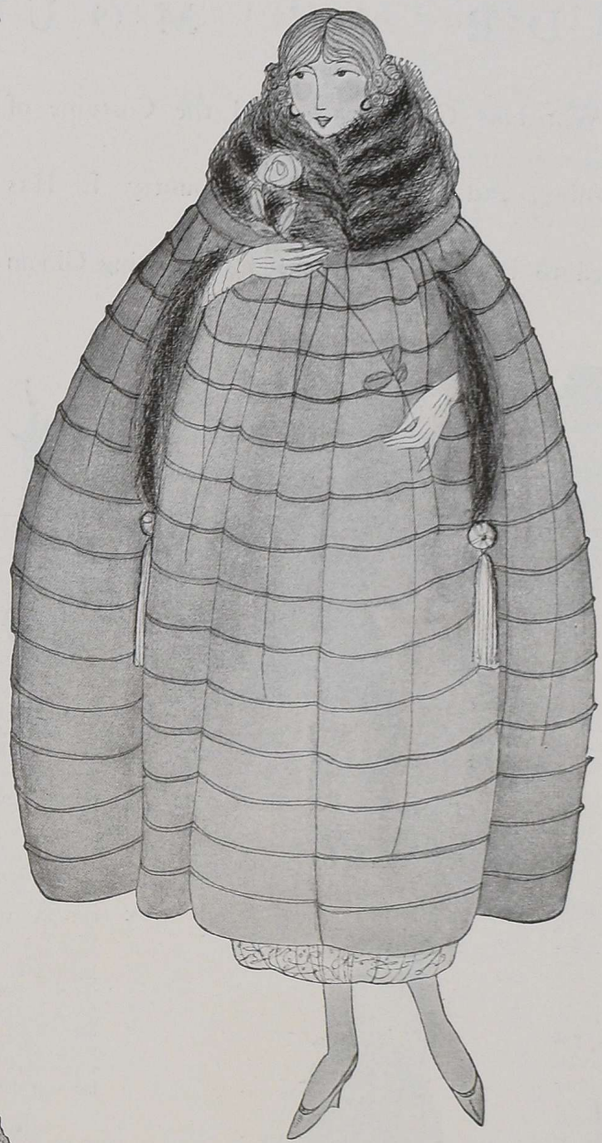
EVENING WRAPS OF VELVET, SATIN, OR BROCADE FIND EQUAL FAVOUR—BUT FUR, AT TOP OR BOTTOM, IS INDISPENSABLE

Distinctive, even amid the many styles and materials which make the evening wrap the lovely thing it is this season, is this combination of black velvet and white satin, from Paquin. The interesting upper part is of white satin, lined with black velvet, which shows in the turned-back cuffs. The long waist-line is outlined with a wide band of black, white, and silver embroidery, and below it is a silk-tasselled velvet sash, which seems to hold the wrap together. The collar is of black fox; wrap from Gidding

To slip into this Martial et Armand coat of black and silver metallic brocade and black velvet is to be enfolded in both luxury and comfort. It is made on slightly circular lines and has a collar, cuffs, and deep band of black lynx fur. A silver tasselled cord comes from the front and hangs over the shoulder, and there is a trimming of silver braid and silver thread at either side; this model and that at the right, above, from Bonwit Teller

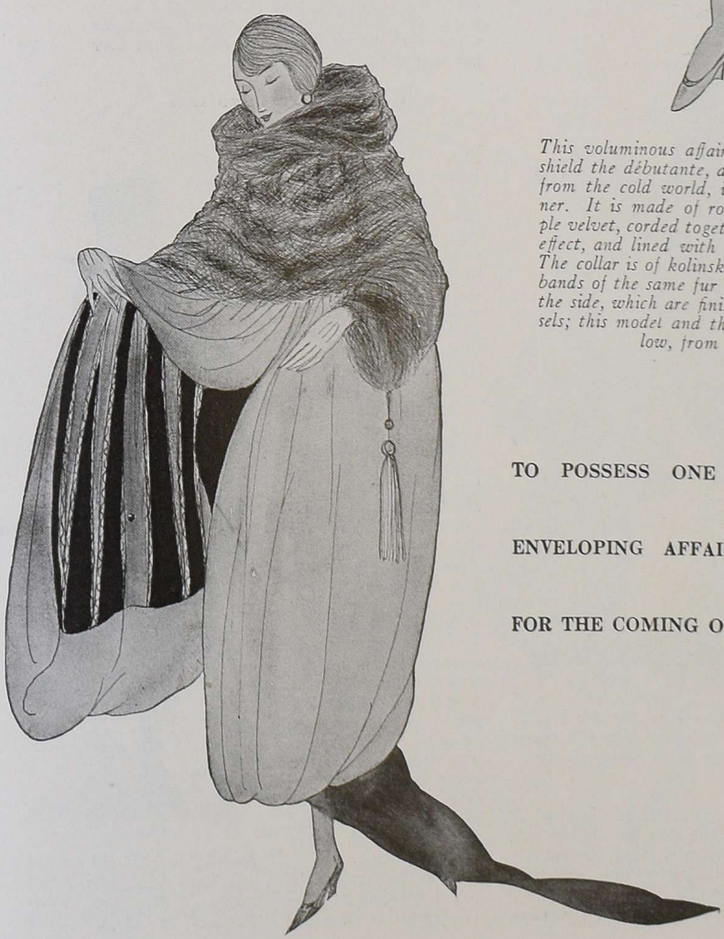


Jenny has offered a solution to the problem, "Shall one's evening wrap be cape or coat?", for this is both and, as a result, doubly charming and doubly warm. It is of black satin lined with beige duvetyn (that's the way of wraps this season) and the under part is a long straight coat, while over this is a wide straight cape, hung from the collar in fine shirrings and held together near the bottom with a large buckle of black jet. The collar and the wide band are of squirrel dyed the colour of kolinsky



(*Below*) *Very simple in line, if not in effect, is this warm all-enveloping evening wrap from Chéruit. Flame coloured velvet, lined with tobacco brown chiffon, striped with wide bands of brown satin hemstitched to the chiffon, makes the lower part. Mink is employed for the deep yoke, the high turn-over collar, ana the short sleeves, which form the upper part. Gold Chinese tassels hang at either side; from Bonwit Teller*

(*Below*) *Long and loose and very lovely is this Premet wrap of salmon coloured velvet, lined with a deeper shade of crêpe de Chine and trimmed with black Hudson seal. There are bands of shirring, which hold the fulness in place about the neck, and little, circular, fur-trimmed apes, which form the sleeves. The high straight collar of Hudson seal turns up warmly around the neck and fastens by slipping one end through the other*



This voluminous affair, from Lanvin, will shield the débutante, and her party frocks, from the cold world, in a delightful manner. It is made of row after row of purple velvet, corded together to give a quilted effect, and lined with orchid coloured silk. The collar is of kolinsky-dyed squirrel, and bands of the same fur hide the openings at the side, which are finished with silver tassels; this model and that at the right, below, from Gidding

TO POSSESS ONE OF THESE ALL-ENVELOPING AFFAIRS IS TO LONG FOR THE COMING OF COLD WEATHER

THE MODE IN MOURNING

The War Has Greatly Changed the Costume of Mourning, and Even in This Country It Has Ceased to Be a Thing of Deep Depressing Gloom

Pointed fox, worn by Mrs. George Baker, junior, is a smart fur for half-mourning

A guest at the wedding of Miss Eleanor Baxter wore a wide hat with a trimming of crape grapes

Unusual but very dignified is this veil, which appeared on Fifth Avenue, flowing over one shoulder of its wearer

This small chic hat, trimmed with blackbirds, was worn by a guest at the wedding of Miss Frederica Bull

A facing of white crape relieved the sombreness of this hat, worn at the Ritz

IT is a noticeable fact that in every fashionable assemblage a certain number of women stand out from those about them because of the smartness of their dress and their appearance. At the Ritz, on Fifth Avenue, at the autumn hunt meets, and in the fashionable clubs, one involuntarily singles out for attention the costumes of some few women among the many. It is astonishing to find how frequently the woman upon whom one's attention is thus focused is in mourning. Black, of course, is always more or less in contrast to its surroundings, and therefore apt to catch the eye. Black, moreover, is notably smart, and, in addition to this, it is becoming to the vast majority of women.

SMARTNESS IN MOURNING

The mourning of the present day is not, like that of the past, a thing of unmitigated gloom. Perhaps this is because just now so many Frenchwomen are in mourning, and the American woman cannot resist taking a leaf from the book of her French sister and adopting some of the unconscious coquetries that are introduced into the mourning dress of the Parisienne. Or perhaps it is simply that the present generation is a bit more advanced in the subtleties of dress than those which have gone before. In any event, an astonishing number of smart and individual mourning-costumes are to be seen in New York at present.

A smart little hat and a smart little collar went with a frock worn by Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce at Sherry's

One of the very smartest of these was the frock which Mrs. Peter Cooper Bryce, who was Miss Angelica Brown, recently wore at Sherry's during the luncheon hour, and which is sketched at the bottom of this page, at the left. It was made of black taffeta of an exquisitely supple and lustrous quality, and fastened down the front with dull silver buttons. At the bottom it was caught in over a petticoat of the sheerest white organdy, through which white-stockinged ankles were visible for an inch or two above little black pumps. Additional cachet was given this costume by a high collar of pleated organdy and deep cuffs of the same material, both obviously inspired by old Dutch paintings. Her close hat of black silk, not unlike a nurse's turban in shape, was entirely filled in at the top with silk ruchings, and from the back of it, fastened just below two chic little buttons, there floated two long silk streamers.

Dignified and charming was the black, fur-trimmed chiffon wrap worn by Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram at the Piping Rock Club recently

Her flat mesh bag was of silver, and, by the way, one sees these mesh bags more and more in the hands of smart women. The ornate bag of silk and even the beaded bag have been largely superseded by a bag of either gold or silver mesh.

Another very attractive mourning-costume was worn by Mrs. Bryce at the Red Cross Pageant, held at the Rosemary open-air theatre, on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Conklin, at Lloyd's Neck; it is sketched at the bottom of this page, at the right. White pipings emphasized the line of the hem of both skirt and coat and marked the closing of the coat at the front. The suit was of a soft wool stuff and had a girdle of the same material, knotted at the front and tipped with white tassels. Her soft rolled collar gave a becoming touch at the throat, and she wore a tiny black hat. With the coming of sundown and a chill wind, she wound about her throat the fluffy white wool muffler which she had carried over her arm during the afternoon.

CONCERNING HATS AND FURS

The costume which Mrs. George Baker, junior, wore at luncheon at the Ritz a short time ago is sketched at the upper left on this page, and is especially interesting as indicating the correct accessories which may be worn with second mourning. With a gown and hat of black, Mrs. Baker wore furs of pointed fox and ropes of pearls about her neck.

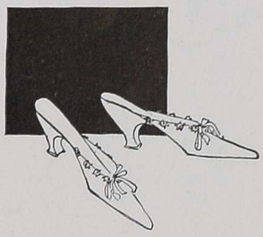
Pointed fox is not only one of the smartest furs of the season, but also the most appropriate fur for the woman who has put aside full mourning. Not infrequently, however, other dark furs, such as sable or skunk, are worn with second mourning. A smart hat seen recently at the Ritz is sketched at the upper right on this page. Of sailor shape, this hat was faced with white crape, bound with black crape, and trimmed on the crown with a band and ruches of heavy mourning-crape.

One of the guests at the recent wedding of Miss (*Continued on page 86*)

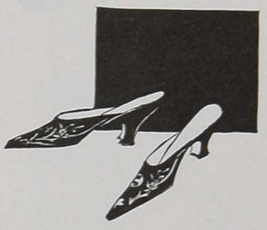
Dressed in this costume of soft black wool, Mrs. Bryce watched the Red Cross Pageant at Lloyd's Neck

WITHIN THE INNER CIRCLES OF THE WARDROBE

The Lingerie of the Fastidious Woman Is a Personal Affair of Uncompromising Standards; Dainty Things of Delicate Tints Have Many a Smart Touch



The last shows that even mules follow fashion



Again that Chinese note; mules from Cammeyer

PERHAPS it is a severely plain tailleur that she is wearing, or perhaps it is an elaborate evening gown, or, again, it may be a negligée that is never seen outside the boudoir; but always the lingerie that goes under it is the daintiest, and, at times, the most frivolous of affairs. An undergarment may be a thing of delicate fabric and rare lace, or it may be of the simplest design, but, in any case, its materials and workmanship are of the very finest. French thought and the skill of clever fingers go into its making, and the result is something of true charm and beauty. The value, too, of these hand-made bits of frippery is by no means negligible. A set of exquisite lingerie has often a considerable aggregate value. Such expenditure is not unreasonable extravagance, — not at all. Just as a woman's blouse must be smart and finely made, so must the little bodice under it be characterized by daintiness and individuality. And, since this is Madame's demand, Paris is always planning and achieving new and attractive combinations of silk and lace and fine linen with which to please the woman of taste; and, too, there are fashions in lingerie as well as in the clothes that are more generally visible.

This is a phase of dress that the war will not speedily affect. A woman's lingerie is something that lies between herself and her conscience; it demands a certain high standard that must be maintained. The dainty night-robe which her maid lays out upon the bed at night tells far more of a woman's character and taste than does the elaborate costume that she wore to dinner. The lingerie of the fashionable woman must, of course, be always hand-made. No machine ever comes near it, except occasionally, perhaps, for some unusual touch; some of the new garments just over from Paris are trimmed with the same delicate tracery of machine-stitching that one sees used on many of the smart frocks of the season. This sort of embroidery trims the gown of mauve pink silk ninon illustrated at the upper left on the following page. It is fastened with old-blue loops around embroidered buttons at the neck and caught in a little at the waist by a belt of ninon embroidered in old-blue thread. One of a three-piece set, this gown and the other pieces which accompany it are, of course, made by hand. Silk ninon is a material which is being much used for the new Paris lingerie; like chiffon, yet so heavy that it resembles an Italian silk, it launders very beautifully, and it does not wrinkle so readily as linen. Even a gown of this material is not worn a second time without pressing.

FRENCH LINGERIE

The chemise at the left in the sketch at the top of the following page, in the middle, is also trimmed with machine-embroidery, worked in old-blue on white handkerchief linen. The zigzag border and the design of graduated dots are duplicated on the drawers that accompany the set. Similar embroidery in white trims the deep pink linen set sketched in the middle of the same picture; this model is quite unusual, and has a cluster of tucks at the front held together by pink ribbon. The drawers are trimmed with stitching around the bottom and up the sides for a space and are caught together at the sides with a bit of ribbon. Many of the prettiest new drawers from Paris have trimming up the sides, and the more

One may draw the veil over the pretty camisole—provided the veil be transparent; from Grande Maison de Blanc

novel of them open up the entire length of the left side with little buttons and buttonholes as do those of flesh crêpe de Chine sketched near the middle of the following page. Another dainty set in flesh pink linen is trimmed with tiny button-like dots of white hand-embroidery. The dots go about the neck and hem of the combination and also follow the hem of the drawers and simulate a fastening at the side. The drawers are slashed from hem to waist-line and then sewn together with an overlapping seam.

When one pours tea for intimate friends, one may well wear a gown of strawberry satin, fresh with écru batiste; from Boué Soeurs

With the perfection of the new tinting powders, one now has the comforting assurance that garments will come from the tub exactly the same delicate shade that they went into it. There is, besides the favoured flesh colour, lingerie of a deeper shade of pink tinged with orange, and there is also the new sunset yellow. Except for wear with a negligée or an evening gown, however, these deeper tones should be avoided unless a woman happens to be of the exceptional type to which extreme novelties are permitted. Some of the daintiest lingerie of the season combines two colours, as flesh pink and pale blue. This combination is illustrated in the chemise in the extreme right in the sketch at the top of the following page; it comes in flesh coloured linen or ninon with a blue band about the neck and little blue leaves set in with punch-work.

THE NEW TRIMMINGS

Frills and puffings of net are attractive features of some of the new French lingerie. Sometimes the net is used in quite an original manner, as in the case of one set, the various garments of which have little net leaves worked into the linen. The material is, of course, cut away beneath the leaf. The entire yoke of the night-gown on the right in the sketch at the bottom of the following page is of net; the only lace used is a narrow insertion of Valenciennes to connect the little frills and puffings. An unusual and dainty collar trims the gown of flesh coloured chiffon cloth at the left of this group. This collar is of pleated handkerchief linen and is the one touch of white; the gown has hand-hemstitched tucks and a girdle and sleeve-knots of flesh pink ribbon. Daintily touched with colour is the organdy petticoat in the middle of the sketch, with little embroidered orange rosebuds scattered between rows of Valenciennes lace and pink machine-stitching. Through the wide hem at the bottom of the skirt runs a broad pink ribbon, which draws it in a bit to give the effect of another puffing. Net, lace, and tiny tucks are pleasantly combined with white linen in the camisole on this page; a bit of pink ribbon is cleverly worked into the design of the trimming.

As much depends upon the care given to lingerie as upon that which is accorded the more formal items of a woman's wardrobe; as a rule, the most exquisite lingerie should not be laundered, but sent to the cleanser. This is the way the French woman treats her fine lingerie, and in Paris there are special firms that cleanse lingerie so beautifully that many fastidious Englishwomen have, in the past, sent their things across the Channel to them. The simpler crêpe de Chine, chiffon, and handkerchief-linen lingerie may, however, be sent to the tub without hesitation, and there are a number of tinting preparations which may be used with safety upon even superlatively fine things. One of the best of these comes in a little paper box with a perforated top and may be had in a great variety of shades. Used after the manner of ordinary blueing, it does its work very efficiently.

Lingerie may be marked in a number of different ways. Some women use a monogram or an initial, but a very appropriate marking for these intimate garments is the first name embroidered in a facsimile of one's own handwriting.

The same rule of superlative fineness which applies to the lingerie holds good

It is a gown of silk ninon, the material that Paris approves for lingerie; from MacVeady

Now that the laundress has taken so cleverly to tinting in the tub, there need be no anxiety over coloured lingerie; from MacVeady

For the realm of the boudoir alone is this charming negligée; this is from Boué Soeurs

for the tea-gowns and negligées of the fastidious woman. However simple her street costume, the gown into which she slips during her hours of ease is invariably a thing of rare loveliness. For the boudoir alone is designed the negligée sketched on the right of this page, at the top; it consists of a coat of écru filet lace and white crêpe de Chine over a pleated slip of white mousseline de soie, trimmed with embroidered batiste and a band of filet lace upon which miniature ships float upon a placid sea. The coat may be knotted together across the front, as shown in the illustration, or the ends may be turned back and knotted behind.

On the preceding page is illustrated a rather more formal tea-gown of strawberry coloured satin, with a charming little embroidered apron and collar of écru batiste and heavy écru lace edging. The underslip is of the same satin as the coat, the cord knotted about the waist is écru in shade, and there are graceful broad sleeves. This gown may quite appropriately be worn when a woman pours tea for a few intimate friends.

That even such trifles as mules follow the fashions is shown by the illustrations at the top of the preceding page; both pairs have the long last ending in a slightly square tip. Those shown at the right are of black satin with Chinese embroidery, while those at the left are of pink satin with little pink flowers surrounded by crystal beads at the top. In addition to these pretty mules, there are being shown many delightful contrivances in bath-slippers, made of such materials as toweling, cotton velours, and straw; these are to be slipped on when the voluminous bath-robe is donned. Very frequently these slippers are made of the same material as the robe, and almost invariably they are composed of some substance which water will not injure. In garters, too, some amusing whimsicalities are presented. Some of the prettiest of the new ones are ornamented with tiny beads. Sometimes a delicate motif is repeated over and over for the entire circumference of the garter and sometimes a more elaborate design appears just at the front in a flat motif.

It's smart to have them slashed; from MacVeady

(*Left*) *The only touch of white on a gown of flesh pink chiffon cloth is an unusual collar of pleated handkerchief linen*

(*Middle*) *The bright spots on an organdy petticoat are orange rosebuds embroidered on strips edged until stitching and lace*

(*Right*) *A charmingly simple robe uses fine net for its yoke and trimming; three gowns from Grande Maison de Blanc*

IT TAKES TWO KINDS OF FUR TO MAKE A COAT, — THAT IS, IT DOES THIS SEASON

FUR MUST NOW PUT ASIDE ALL NATURAL INSTINCTS AND GO IN STRAIGHT LINES

A Callot motor coat and hat are both of muskrat. Like many of the Callot wraps this season, this coat has huge pockets, nd fastens with brown bone buttons. The hat resembles an English soldier's cap

Another Callot coat is of a combination of moleskin and heavy kolinsky trimming. The full cape lines are achieved by gathering the skirt part on to a deep yoke. It's the sort of coat that can be worn in the daytime or as an evening coat, as required

Callot has made this coat of leopard skin and muskrat. The circular skirt part curves into a waist-line girded by a double belt which ties in the back with long ends. The leopard and muskrat tam has a tassel of jet. Do notice the ruffles on the muff

MODELS FROM H. JAECKEL AND SONS

The one-sided fastening of this black caracul coat is very smart. Bulloz, who made it, has trimmed it with Hudson seal and fastened it with large balls of caracul in lieu of buttons

THIS season you seldom see a piece of fur that is willing to see a whole coat through, from collar to hem, alone and unaided. Furs are all getting themselves combined now. Never has such an assorted variety of animals been known to be so thoroughly congenial. The muskrat and the leopard are lying right down together and thinking absolutely nothing of it. The mole and the kolinsky appear on one and the same coat at identically the same time and are in positively uncanny harmony; their one idea is to look smart. It just shows what a common interest will do. It is noteworthy that all these furs, no matter what the general outlines of the anatomy they covered in their earthly life, are taking the new, long, straight lines. They go to no end of trouble to do the smart thing. Just think of polecat (that's kolinsky before it's dyed), that has gone through life with a startling curve in its back, straightening out to take on the lines of the coat shown to the left on this page; or of leopard getting itself a double belt like the one on the coat to the right on this page, simply for the sake of acquiring a waist-line to emphasize his slim silhouette; or of caracul that has spent a good straight bisymmetrical life, achieving the smart one-sided effect shown at the bottom of the page.

IF SHE LOOKS SMART IN HAT AND BLOUSE, IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN THAT VELVET AND GEORGETTE CRÊPE HAVE AIDED HER

(Left) The woman who would be dainty above all else will welcome this hand-made blouse of white Georgette crêpe, with a shawl collar and cuffs of filet lace hemstitched to a narrow band of Valenciennes, which, in turn, is joined to an edging of point lace with "entre deux." The black panne velvet hat attained the height of the season by covering its crown with natural cock feathers, and François added a high pompon of them as a climax. This blouse and that at the right from Camas

White satin has done much for womankind, and here it is joining forces with white chiffon and navy blue Chinese embroidery, under the direction of Paquin. The black satin hat from Lanvin has scorned the aid of trimming, relying on its lines, repeated in crown and brim. This blouse and that at the immediate right from Mollie O'Hara

HATS FROM FRANÇOIS

Pink Georgette crêpe and Venetian lace in Cluny design are the chief factors in the success of this hand-made blouse. The Talbot hat is a straight severe affair of black satin antique, with pointed black jet beads punctuating its brim, and a narrow band of grosgrain ribbon encircling its crown and tying in a most demure little bow in the back

(Left) Of rare distinction is this peplum blouse from Paquin; it slips on over the head, opens well down the front, and ties at the neck. It is of white Georgette crêpe, with Japanese embroidery in black silk, and it is trimmed with black monkey fur, a velvet collar, and velvet ribbon at the neck and sleeves. The unusual hat of prune velvet, with drooping brim, has the new and smart large velvet bow at the front

AS SEEN by HIM

Thanksgiving and Feasting Will Still Be Synonymous, for So Long-established a Custom Will Be Proof Against Any Food Control

HERE is Thanksgiving full upon us. It is a festivity of ancient ritual and tradition, as far as we Americans are concerned, and I suppose it behooves us to be strict in our observance of it. As a child, Thanksgiving was to me a day of joy because it allowed the untrammelled consumption of goodies—and all children are little animals, more or less. And we still cling, in a way, to the feasting. But to the grown-up mind, the celebration has its drawbacks. No matter how much we may love our own, family dinners are a bête noire. One may entertain kinspeople in relays and be delighted to have them, but, to use the modern vernacular, to have the whole "blooming bunch" at one sitting—by Jove, it is too much! I have never known a family like unto a perfect salad, in which oil and vinegar and all agree. This year, especially, when we are naturally bubbling over with sentiment, there will be tears and sighs for the absent ones. Then some one will be sure to get cross (too much turkey and incipient indigestion) and old bones of contention are again unearthed. As someone has said of American attempts at a carnival, "the end is always either a frost or a riot." I always make the excuse, when it is my turn to give one of these festivities, of not being able to come to town. I have my family dinner in the country, and that is really the best place for it. There it has a proper setting,—and people are obliged to leave early! Naturally, I have to arrange something to fill in the hour or two after the feast, so that the chauffeurs can be given their dinner. I may say, en passant, that I have received numerous gifts of canned and preserved fruits, done by the fair hands of fair ladies, and, if I cannot have a specimen of each served at the dinner, I shall hold a tea at three and ask the neighbours in to help sample the jams and jellies in sandwiches.

CUSTOM PLANS THIS MENU

This year, I suppose, we shall go back to first principles, and have a real "old-fashioned" Thanksgiving. It is not an easy matter to get away from the orthodox menu, and I will not attempt to make suggestions. Personally, I abhor pumpkin pie, even when it has a lot of ginger in it. I do not care for oyster soup, and only now and then can I get up an enthusiasm for the royal bird; it must be from Rhode Island or Massachusetts. But most people prefer to follow the custom on this one day. I am sure that even in France our boys will be well taken care of by patriotic Americans who will provide the national dishes. I hope that none of them may have the fate which was mine one winter when I was passing through Paris, en route to Egypt. A dear, kind, old lady, who was Yankee all through but had lived in Paris for many years, asked me to a Thanksgiving dinner and insisted upon having oyster soup made from the small coppery natives, which are delicious as appetizers, but are dreadful in any other way. Those New Yorkers who are in town and want a Thanksgiving menu, should not rely on the menus furnished by French chefs—especially at restaurants; one must be American born to plan a real Thanksgiving dinner. Dining at a club or in a public place on Thanksgiving is a dreary proceeding, any way; yet if we scorn family affairs, what else is to be done? Once in a while. I have given a *diner intime* to a few friends and we have had, not turkey, but birds, and ices at the close of the meal.

There will be much dinner entertaining in New York this winter. Many women who have been in the habit of giving dances or a ball during the winter season have decided that to do so now would be in bad taste. Should war continue, I think that the New Year's saturnalia may well be omitted. Such celebrations, after all, do not add much to the general prosperity, and, under present conditions, we can feel but little in the mood for unrestrained gaiety. There is nothing I detest so much as all the sham patriotism which is abroad at present. Hundreds of motors come past my gates on holidays, decorated with our flags. It would be much better if the motorists would save gasoline and invest the cost of it in Liberty Bonds. I am a little tired, too, of all this blustering and bunkum, this absurd rising in our seats at restaurants every time the national anthem is played. It is like taking off one's hat in the lift of a business building or absurdly accentuating any supposed civility.

MAID SERVANTS OR MEN SERVANTS

To go back to our households: we have been frugal enough before the war, reducing the number of courses at dinner, till we are now in the position of the legendary Biddy in the joke books of our grandparents,—we have served the tomatoes undressed, and we cannot take off another stitch. And now many fashionable New Yorkers, for reason of sentiment or otherwise, have reduced the number of servants as well. Many people believe that, when the war is over, the English butler and footman and second man will be figures of the past, and that the next generation will place them with the linkmen who ran before my Lady Betty's sedan chair. There are still some left, but the number of footmen in most households has been curtailed. In the great houses there were only a dozen at best, and the others were furnished by caterers when one gave "splendiferous" entertainments. As host of a modest bachelor ménage, I have always preferred women servants. While a good Chinese boy makes an excellent servant, these are difficult to get, and I have never cared for Japanese servants, though that is a matter of opinion. We are flooded with Japanese, but they ask exorbitant prices and are most inefficient. A maid can be trained to do the work of a butler and man servant combined. I still have, however, one faithful man who could not go to war. But I will not have a lot of hirelings who should be at the front, or who are really not English or even French. I do not like them as men servants, and they may be—well, non-neutrals in disguise.

The stately presence of a silver-haired functionary is not in the best taste, in spite of the illustrators, the artists, and the moving-picture people. Where on earth have they found those preposterous men servants in wooden-soldier attitudes and remarkable liveries?

The English butler wears in the daytime a black serge dress coat with a high black waistcoat, a dark four-in-hand tie, and dark gray striped trousers. For late afternoon and dinner a low waistcoat is worn with a dress shirt, black trousers, and dress coat.

The footmen wear an indoor livery of dark blue or black cloth with silver buttons and a black and white striped waistcoat, or a yellow and black striped waistcoat with gilt buttons. For the afternoon and evening, a white waistcoat is worn. Some very large establishments adopt a court livery where the footmen are resplendent in knee breeches, silken hose, and buckled shoes for it only looks in place where are a large number of men servants in the house.

THE MAKING OF A SERVANT

I never engage, if I can help it, a servant, male or female, who has been in one of the great houses. They are in a class apart. Once they have tasted of this cup, nothing else quite satisfies. I would rather personally train one who is comparatively green. I always bear in mind some good advice given in an old manual as to the management of servants. I never allow them to be interrupted in the performance of their duties. Women are apt to be over-confidential with their servants at one hour and to expect them to be over-deferential at the next. They are prone to encourage them in gossip and to listen to their tales, especially if the servant has come from some ultra-fashionable service. I do not believe in assuming an arbitrary and haughty demeanour towards them. I remember that they are human beings, but they must be manikins during the discharge of their duties. some people, especially women, treat servants in too conciliatory a manner; others treat them hesitatingly; and still others take a peremptory tone. All this is wrong. A firm hand, appreciation of good work, justice, and a somewhat impersonal kindness are the secrets of success in this matter.

TO END THE EVENING

Our fashionable dinner hour at present varies from eight to nine. Courses are limited to four and wines to two. The decorations for the table are low and simple. The problem this winter will be what we are going to do after dinner or after the play or opera. Our fashions come and go in cycles. In the nineties, in a dull season caused by financial depression, the same problem presented itself. Then variety, or what is generally known as vaudeville, was in vogue. A number of men launched the Vaudeville Club. It had its home at the Metropolitan Opera House, and there was a supper room with small tables and a stage, and, after the opera was over, we went in and had some light refection

(*Continued on page 90*)

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MISS MARY BROWN WARBURTON

Miss Mary Brown Warburton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Warburton and granddaughter of Mr. John Wanamaker, has returned to her home, "Rosemary," at Wyncote, Pennsylvania. At Newport, in August, she was one of the bridesmaids at the marriage of her cousin, Mr. John Wanamaker, junior, to Miss Pauline Disston. Miss Warburton is one of the most popular of the younger set at Palm Beach, where she joins the Philadelphia colony every winter

EVEN MOODS MAY BE MANAGED

Though We Cannot Order Unpleasant Emotions to Leave Our Minds, We Can, at Least, Invite Pleasant Ones to Come In and Crowd Them Out

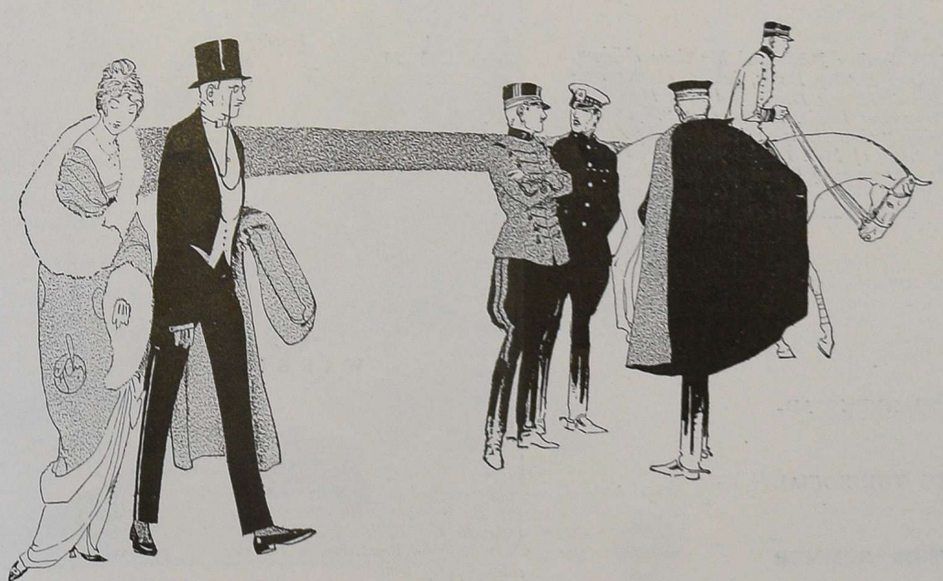
THERE is a lady somewhere who treats her own casual state of mind as one of the inevitable accidents of nature: as a thing simply apart from human influence, like the weather, or the earthquake, or the tide. If she happens to be happy, very well; the sun shines. But if she be tetric, sad, peevish, miserable, angry, waspish, dull, or melancholy (this expressive collection of adjectives was made by a learned man, in the Seventeenth Century), why, so she is, and there's an end to it. There is nothing to be done about it, least of all by herself. Doubtless in time she will feel differently. Meanwhile, she feels how she feels. And if anyone within her sphere of influence has the temerity to venture an objection, her answer is merely a fresh application of the familiar sentence, "It hurts me more than it does you." Of course, being, as we said, a lady, and quite sane withal, she recognizes the frequent necessity of concealing or disguising her humours. And this, at need, she can do very well; but raising an umbrella does not stop the rain. Self-control, in this ordinary sense, she regards, indeed, with some contempt,—as a conventional insincerity, a profanation of holy woe. Certainly she can pretend not to be out of temper, just as she can pretend not to be tired or not to have a headache; but that has nothing to do with the fact, unless to make it rather worse.

NOW, there is really a good deal in what the lady says. She is at least honest, although she is unfortunate. She does not deceive herself, even about her own disposition; and she makes no attempt to remove evil by denying that it is there. She lacks neither intelligence nor strength of will; and, in measure of the skill and the consistency with which she can dissimulate her state of mind, she does protect others from the direct consequences of her trouble. She keeps it to herself. And there is truly a great deal of common nonsense talked about the virtue and the nature of what we call self-control. We control actions, not passions; and this is often merely tying down the safety-valve. To conceal pain, either of soul or body, may at times be necessary, or even virtuous. But it is never a cure, and may well be the reverse. It is not wholesome to bleed inwardly, and the habit of emotional repression by sheer force tends toward a perverse and vicious pleasure in hiding and hugging Spartan foxes.

NEVERTHELESS, we shall agree that the lady is unfortunate. But her misfortune consists not in weakness, nor even in an unhappy temperament, so much as in sheer lack of understanding. She is quite wrong in treating an agonized emotion as an external accident, like the weather. It is as internal and as curable as a headache, only she does not know how. She approaches the matter from the wrong end, for a restraint is not a remedy. The eminent psychologist who said that emotion results from its own expression, reduced that idea to its last absurd extreme. He might as well have said that bees are caused by stings, or that cake is the cause of baking. The cause of an emotion or a desire is an imagination, a vivid idea or picture in the mind. It cannot be removed by merely willing not to feel so; for that very effort concentrates the attention upon the idea which is its source. It cannot be removed, even by trying not to think of it, for that is a mental paradox. You cannot try to forget a thing without remembering what it is that you are trying to forget. But it is possible, and comparatively easy, to forget a thing by thinking of something else. Our minds are happily so made that we cannot pay attention to two things at once. The way to put an idea out of mind is to put another idea in; and this requires no grinding of teeth, nor huge agony of the will, but only a little ordinary concentration.

One of the easiest ways to achieve this forgetfulnes of spleen is to become absorbed in an entertaining book; one whose characters are not automatons, but creatures of vivid charm.

THAT is the answer. The lady in question cannot, as she says, refuse to feel annoyed. She cannot always refrain from behaving as she feels. She cannot at once forget the object of her annoyance But she can almost immediately fix her mind upon some other not unpleasing thought, and forthwith find herself at ease. To return to our former metaphor, she need neither hold down the safety-valve, nor let the steam escape. There is a better way to avoid explosion—she can put out the fire. Let us not counsel her to keep her temper, nor to keep her troubles to herself. They are not nice things to keep. Let her get rid of them. For there is no wiser philosophy than the old one which bids us attend as much as possible to good fortune, and as little as may be to ill fortune.



Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt and her two children, Miss Cynthia and Master Dallas Bache Pratt, 2nd, spent the summer at "Haddon Hall." At several of the charity bazaars to which Mrs. Pratt gave her services, little Miss Cynthia did her bit most charmingly as a vender of wares

Master John Brinton, son of Mr. Jasper Yeates Brinton and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. John Howard McFadden of Philadelphia, is seen on the porch of the Brinton home at Newport. He is a nephew of Mr. John H. McFadden, junior, of the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly

Mrs. Dudley Davis and her three children, Master Dudley Davis, junior, Master William Grosvenor Davis, and little Miss Rose Grosvenor Davis, are seen at "Wyndhambridge," their Newport home. At the August wedding of Mrs. Davis's sister, Miss Anita D. Grosvenor of Providence, now Mrs. Richard C. Curtis, Miss Rose was flower-girl, while Master Dudley acted as page

THESE ENGAGING CHILDREN ADDED THEIR CHARMS TO THE SOCIAL LIFE OF NEWPORT THIS SUMMER

Ira L. Hill

"Pique nique,"—the word evokes the gayest of scenes of the old days, when fair ladies and gentlemen with wigs awry drank endless toasts or danced on the green to the music of a strolling fiddler

WE STUDY THE ETYMOLOGY OF "PIQUE NIQUE"

The Picnic, Once a Suburban Adventure of the Idle Rich, Is Now (Poor Poilu!) the Almost Exclusive Privilege of the Soldier

By ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

Sketches by Georges Lepape

I OPEN my dictionary—a man must learn—and I read: "*pique nique*, original form; the English 'picnic' appears to have come from the French." How terrible is ignorance! And how far was I, in my innocence, from expecting such a revelation! Truly, science is a wonderful thing. I continue my reading: "*pique nique*, a repast at which each person pays for his share or brings his own provisions." This much, I may say without boasting, I knew before. However, leaving linguistic questions, I have already started on a journey into the land of memory. I am thinking of luncheons out-of-doors, picnics of bygone days, when the gentlemen wore their wigs awry, and the ladies drank to the health of Monsieur the Bailiff. Open-air pleasures and general gaiety! Should a strolling fiddler pass on the road, he was hailed, and immediately the young folk of both sexes were dancing an old-fashioned square country-dance—a classic scene which painters, good or bad—usually bad—have exhibited to us again and again.

I am thinking of Monsieur and Madame Denis, plain honest people of the rue des Quatre-vents, who used to go on Sunday, each with a basket in hand, to lunch in some arbour at Verrières or Meudon, the scenes of their young courting-days.

THE PICNIC OF ROMANCE

"It was in seventeen hundred—", whispers M. Denis into his wife's ear. "Do you remember—? Don't you remember—?"

And, lowering her eyes, Madame Denis answers, "As you danced the minuet, how gracefully you stepped! Ah, you were a fine gallant! Do you remember—? Don't you remember—?"

Another echo of the past which comes to me is the thought of the first races at Chantilly, about 1840. Thither came all the women of fashion, in their great open landaus, where ruffled skirts and muslin frocks were displayed in ravishing profusion. About these landaus gathered the men of fashion clad in redingotes of black tea, green tea, or acorn colour, or that fashionable shade known as "Lord Howard;" with nipped-in waists and necks smothered in cravats so ample that each would afford material for a dressing-gown, and each arranged in vague, bizarre, uncertain folds.

I can picture the adventurous and gallant air of the course—all this gay world exchanging greetings, laying wagers on the race, then gathering in groups, opening the hampers and bringing forth delicacies of every sort,—a paté from one, a roasted chicken from another, a ham from a third,—then foraging in the baskets of wines and gathering for the feast in gay and charming groups, here and there about the grass.

When, at the end of a perfect picnic, paterfamilias of the Paris bourgeoisie leads his happy family home, not even the limpness of his collar and his offspring can damp his enthusiasm

I remember, too, certain student dinners, more recent—at least those which concern me. These were held in a studio, near l'Ecole des Beaux Arts. Here one saw painters, sculptors, architects, each and all come to try their fortunes in the great capital, each empty of purse, but rich in hope, in imagination, and in gaiety. For these picnics, each one bought his provisions at the corner restaurant, and each one, at dessert, sang a song from his own country—one a Breton carol, another a chorus from the Vendée, and yet another some verses in the old Provençal tongue of the troubadours.

ON JULY FOURTEENTH

Once more I see in imagination the families of the little Paris shopkeepers going out for the annual picnic on the Fourteenth of July. Weeks before the day, they would have decided to go to Longchamp to see the review of the troops. Neighbouring families would arrange to share the cost of the picnic-lunch. One family would furnish the "*plat de résistance*," a second the desserts, a third the drinks (a very important point). The long-awaited day arrives, and they set out,—children, parents, and grandparents. Memorable days! There is military music;

they see the "cuirassiers" riding by on a gallop; above all, every one eats and drinks without restraint.

There would be no cloud in the sky, were it not that the coming of evening brings, of necessity, the return home. This is the hour when the city is filled with dusty exhausted families, worn out, searching vainly for a cab or running vainly behind an overcrowded 'bus. The father, in his shirt sleeves, carries the baby on his shoulders, the little girl hangs back on her mother's hand, while the older boy, to the ruin of his gay holiday costume, rolls obstinately in the gutter. Clamours and disputes are rife; but, after all, none of this matters. When every one is home again, each and all, with one accord, decide themselves the happiest people in the world and treasure the memory of the party. "What a good time we had!" they cry in chorus. "When will the next picnic be? Let us have another one very soon."

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And this matter of fuel leads me by an association easy to comprehend to the picnics of last winter. I do not know whether the winter of 1917 was especially rigorous in New York, but I can say that we froze in Paris. Bitter cold and no coal! To get out of bed in the morning was like going totally unclothed along the boulevard. I will not discuss the high cost of food, which brought cries of despair from all the housewives of the quarter, among them Madame X—whom, to speak frankly, I have been courting for months without a shadow of success. The plaints of this adored being wring my heart, and I make every attempt to console her, showing her that everything will come out right. That things always do come out right, if one has only the right good-will.

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Alas! Madame X persists in smiling incredulously, and again, I fear, I have failed to convince her or to please her.

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"WE must spend less and save more. Unless the people practise thrift, the nation will not thrive. This has been true in the long run in the history of every nation, even in times of peace. It is infinitely more vital in war times. It is of supreme importance now, when we are still far from the climax of the greatest war in the world's history. Not only must we save to win the war, but we must save if we are to survive." Such is the wording of a printed notice from my banker this morning, bidding for Liberty Bonds, and a few days ago, while reading his morning paper, my husband made the passing remark, "The news from Washington seems to point to several thousand dollars as our yearly share of war taxation."

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WINTER TRIPS MUST BE FOREGONE

There will not be enough for a box at the Opera, for two cars, for a personal maid for each woman in the family, for much formal entertaining, or for any expensive winter trips.

(*Continued on page 88*)

SEEN *on the* STAGE

We Have Another Proof, the American Public to the Contrary, That Shavian Drama Has Fallen

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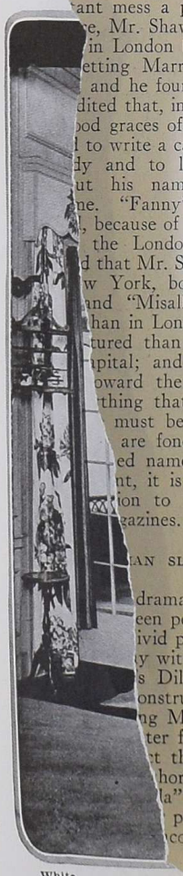

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(*Continued on page 88*)

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SHAVIAN SLOVENLINESS

No other dramatist than Mr. Shaw would have been permitted—to state the matter in a vivid phrase of current slang —to "get away with" the lazy last act of "The Doctor's Dilemma" or the feeble and faltering construction of "Pygmalion." As for "Getting Married" and "Misalliance," their utter formlessness was actuated by the fact that they were easy to write. The author of a play so nearly great as "Candida" must have known as well as any other playwright or dramatic critic that these incoherent and protracted conversations were lacking in all of the essential merits of dramaturgic composition. He deliberately set them forth and — to quote another phrase of current slang—attempted cunningly to "put them over," because, at the moment, he despised the public that applauded him.

In this procedure, there is discernible what may be called an intimation of immorality. One of the highest and holiest of proverbs is the one which tells us that "noblesse oblige." If the true artist may claim in any way to be superior to common men, it is only because his mental code calls for a stricter obedience to the dictates of a more exacting conscience. It is a point of morality for the true artist never to sign his name to any bit of work, however humble in intention, that he knows to be unworthy of the talents with which he finds himself endowed. An artist may be forgiven for a failing of his powers that may be caused by illness, temporary perturbation, senility, or any of a multitude of other causes that are clearly beyond his own control; but an artist should never be forgiven who, in the undisrupted plenitude of his ability, does work which he knows to be unworthy, for the simple reason that he deems it no longer necessary to exert himself in order to succeed.

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Two photographs by Arnold Genthe

Eva Le Gallienne, who is, by the way, the daughter of Richard Le Gallienne, is very clever and amusing as Dot Carrington in "Saturday to Monday"

Maurice Goldberg

In "A Tailor Made Man," Gladys Gilbert is a positively superhuman stenographer whose middle name is efficiency

Arline Chase has the pleasure of dancing and singing right straight through the Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse musical comedy, "Leave It To Jane"

critic that it is not true. "Getting Married" is not Greek in form; and it never reaches a point of either poetic or intellectual elevation. It is nothing but a witty conversation, without beginning, without middle, without end, devoid of plot, devoid of climax, devoid of all those other virtues of technique that were codified and analyzed by Aristotle. The Greeks were mighty architects of plays; and "Getting Married" no more resembles "Oedipus the King" in structure than a diamond necklace resembles the Parthenon. Mr. Shaw is an educated man. He must have studied at some time or other the "Elektra" of Sophocles, the "Trojan Women" of Euripides, and the "Poetics" of Aristotle: he cannot honestly plead ignorance of the principles and practice of the most strictly architectonic drama that the world has ever known: and, when he says that "Getting Married" is "classical" in form, he is talking with his tongue in his cheek. Not even Mr. Shaw can make a bad play look like a good play by writing a criticism of it which he knows to be a lie.

"MISALLIANCE"

"Misalliance," which immediately failed in London when it was first produced in 1910, is the poorest play that Mr. Shaw has ever written. Like "Getting Married," it is merely a continuous but incoherent conversation that lasts for two hours and a half. In the earlier composition, most of the talk was centred on the topic which gave the piece its title; but, in "Misalliance," the ventriloquial puppets of the author discuss a score of different topics which reveal no logical relation to each other. I have seen "Misalliance" once and read the text three times; and yet I find myself unable to explain to the reader what the piece is all about. Not only does it lack a story and a plot, but it also lacks a theme.

There are nine characters in "Misalliance," and all of them are mad. Furthermore, they all suffer from the same kind of insanity. Their minds have all become unbalanced by the fact that their mental processes are merely intellectual. All nine of these puppets think as clearly and as cleverly as Mr. Shaw; but none of them can feel, and by that token none of them is human. Stab them with a dagger, and you will merely ruffle straw: they have no blood within them.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Grace Valentine, whom we last saw in "Johnny Get Your Gun," is now playing in "Lombardi, Ltd.," by the Hattons

Much of the conversation of "Misalliance" is preposterously witty. In fact, it is only fair to state that the dialogue is written just as brilliantly as that of the same author's earlier and better plays. The piece is, therefore, not devoid of certain elements of entertainment; and it is so admirably acted by the company selected and rehearsed by Mr. William Faversham that the present production is by no means an exhibition to avoid. After all, even the poorest play by so able a writer as Mr. Bernard Shaw is preferable to the ordinary fare that is dished up for the public by our theatre of commerce.

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY"

If "Saturday to Monday" had been signed by Mr. Shaw, everybody would be praising the brilliance of its dialogue; but, since it happened to be written by a young American playwright, Mr. William Hurlbut, it will have to take its chance with the Broadway public in competition with the usual Broadway product.

It has been many months since I have listened to conversation so delightful in its blend of wit and humour as that which Mr. Hurlbut wrote for the first act of this play; and yet, as this delicious act proceeded, I became uncomfortably conscious of the fact that the audience was missing at least two opportunities for laughter out of every three. I looked about me in the theatre, and perceived that the play had failed to gather an audience that was appropriate to its intention. The people present had come to see another "Mary's Ankle"; and, when they were offered something better, they were naturally disappointed. It would not, by any means, be fair to blame them. The fault lies rather with our theatre system, which shuffles plays both vulgar and polite haphazardly, and launches them in crazy sequence behind the same proscenium. In London, where every theatre has a policy, the public knows what sort of entertainment to expect when it patronizes the Criterion, the Court, the Adelphi, or the Drury Lane: but in New York it is extremely difficult for any special audience to find the momentary whereabouts of the type of entertainment it is seeking. If "Saturday to Monday" had been set forth in the

(*Continued on page 84*)

A R T

Chappel Studio
Gainsborough, the poet among English painters, is represented by a portrait of Lady Rodney

By that master painter of men, Raeburn, is Sir Alexander Shaw's portrait

The McFadden collection brought to New York Romney's portrait of Madame de Crespigny

"The Blacksmith's Shop" shows the work of "Old Crome," the painter of Dutch portraits of English landscape

"The Storm," by Linnell, is one of the fine works of the English masters which make up the famous collection of Mr. John H. McFadden, recently on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

WE hear much of the wonders of the great private art collections of America, and the captious are sometimes inclined to assert that these great collections are vastly more heard about than seen. As a matter of fact, however, the American collector is as a rule, finely generous with his art treasures, and a recent instance of this generosity is the current exhibition of the famous collection of eighteenth-century paintings owned by Mr. John H. McFadden of Philadelphia.

This collection, which ranks among the finest of strictly English collections, has spent the last spring and summer on a prolonged exhibition tour, beginning with Philadelphia and ending with New York, where its stay at the Metropolitan Museum of Art has just drawn to a close.

THE McFADDEN COLLECTION

The forty-five canvases which compose this exhibition cover the development of English landscape and portrait painting from Hogarth to Turner. By Hogarth, who may fairly be called the first of the native English school (since seventeenth-century English painting is under the overwhelming Flemish influence of Van Dyck, the great court painter of Charles I, and of Lely and Kneller) are two interesting studies of English family life. The first of the English landscape painters, Wilson, is represented by one work, and nearly every great painter of the period, to its decline after the death of Turner, appears in one or more paintings.

Gainsborough and Constable, who broke away from the Dutch vision of landscape as brown and saw the English land as it is, green with cool translucent shadows, and painted it so, are here seen in excellent works. A beautiful and imaginative landscape represents Gainsborough, the poet among English artists, and there are three canvases by Constable, the panoramic "Hamstead Heath: Storm Coming Up" and the nearer and heavier painting in the damp green of "The Dell at Helmingham" and "The Lock, Dedham."

Gainsborough delighted in a cool palette of blues and greens, not only for his landscapes, but for his spontaneous and poetic portraits as well. A remarkable instance of this is the one Gainsborough portrait in the collection, that of Lady Rodney. In this canvas, even the flesh tones carry a marked reflection of blue.

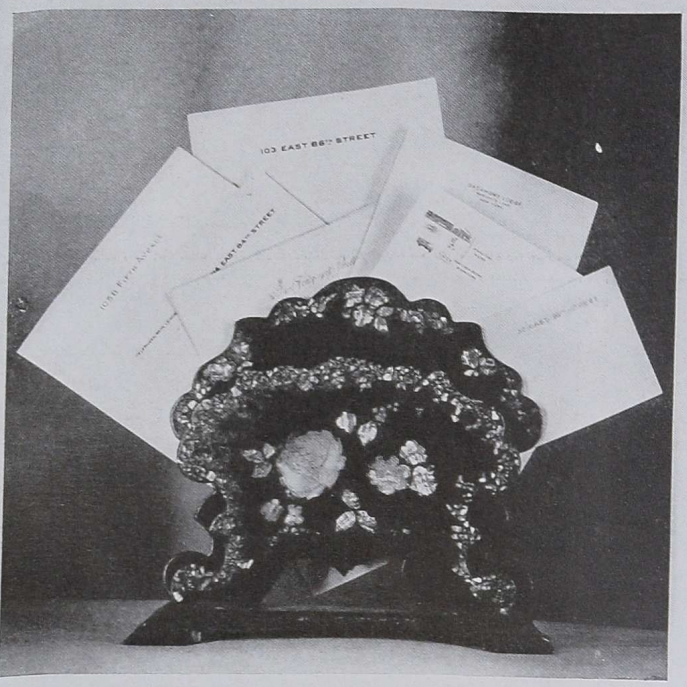
EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH MASTERS

It is to be regretted that the charm of Reynolds and his delightful painting of children are not as yet seen at best among these pictures, though to counterbalance this lack there are a number of Romney's delightful portraits of women and a serious portrait of John Wesley. The English love of placing a portrait against a landscape background appears in Romney's "Mrs. Dorothy C. de Crespigny," and all the charm and skill of portraiture which made this artist one of the great London triad, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney is apparent.

Only one canvas represents the work of John Hoppner,—a clear delightful "Portrait of Mrs. Hoppner." It was, perhaps, Hoppner and Lawrence who were the greatest rivals among these English masters, though the fame of Lawrence was more widespread and his painting much less quiet and more brilliant and full of movement, with as much love of red and of shimmering light as Gainsborough had of coolness and clear shadow. Of the three examples of Lawrence's follower, Harlow, "Mrs. Weddell and Children" has all the brilliancy and vivacity of the master and a more charming and sympathetic painting of children than Lawrence himself ever attained.

Included in this group of English masters is the great Scotch portrait painter, Raeburn, whose strength and largeness of vision appear in sincere and splendid por-

(*Continued on page 94*)



The note-paper one chooses is a direct index of breeding,—or the lack of it

LETTER-WRITING IS AN ABSOLUTE OBLIGATION OF RANK; THE GENTLEWOMAN CULTIVATES THE ART IN FITTING SURROUNDINGS

DEMEYER

(*Above*) *The true woman of the world makes her writing-table as decorative, and, at the same time, as practical, as her dressing-table*

Desks and accessories from Elsie de Wolfe, Gilbert Washburn, A. L. Audrain and Company, Cartier, Mark Cross, and Theodore B. Starr

IN the very early times, the Egyptian belle penned her little note on her papyrus pad; later, the court beauty of the Middle Ages used sheets of parchment and lovely portfolios of *cuirs d'ores* or gold leather; and now the modern woman, with her perfectly equipped desk, is engaged upon the same task, the proper performance of which is itself an art and has denoted the distinguished women of each age,—the business of writing letters. The well-written note of thanks, with just the right touch of nice feeling, and prompt answers to invitations, have always indicated a woman of position.

THE DIGNITY OF THE WRITTEN WORD

If one could study the correspondence of some conservative gentlewoman who has mastered the art of properly caring for her affairs, and who makes her desk as important in its service as her dressing-table, one would find that she has every detail in order that makes for a calm and poised assurance, that her social obligations are fulfilled, and that every occasion that demands a careful note is graciously met.

The desk for the man must not quibble over trifles; each fitting must have a definite purpose in life, as well as a decorative one

One's personal note-paper may be individual by its marking; and this marking is always conservative

THE PERFECT WRITING-DESK HAS ITS EVERY TRIFLE USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL, AND NEVER IS THERE A SUGGESTION OF THE BANAL

(Above) There are so many exquisite trifles for the writing desk; you may indulge your imagination as much as you like,—and as expensively

Poor dear Madame Parvenue realizes, or at least her decorator does, that a writing-table is part of the picture of every boudoir, and so a fortune is spent on its equipment; but, alas, if one should have the misfortune to need to write a line there, a rusty pen and dry inkstand probably greet one. And Madame's personal letters,—they are being answered somewhere in the background by a meek person who may possibly sign her mistress's letters, "Yours cordially, Mrs. John Brown." And as to Monsieur Brown,—he has gone down town, and, in his office, resplendent with leather furniture, polished wood, and a writing-table laden with solid silver inkstands and paperweights, dictates a typewritten letter to his wife. Then little Miss Brown, away at a house-party, suddenly exclaims, "Heavens, I must wire to Mamma; it is such a bore to write letters, you know!" And so it takes still another generation to learn how gentle this art of letter writing is, and how one cannot be really well bred without acquiring it.

GOOD BREEDING AND NOTE-PAPER

The clever woman finds the pen that suits her particular style of writing and always affects it; she also uses the type of note-paper on which it looks best. Nothing indicates good taste more than

(*Continued on page 98*)

This mahogany writing-desk was once a Louis XVI dressing-table; here it is shown fitted as a woman's desk, and, opposite, as a man's

Here is a display of the wares of vanity in their most attractive forms, shot through with gleaming light and colour. There are the favourite flowers in their silver vases, and the oriental pendant and chain of jade, coloured stones, and oxidized silver. And every ray of light is caught, held, and reflected in the crystal beads and the graceful hand-glass

Dressing-tables and accessories from J. M. Gidding, John Wanamaker, Mark Cross, and Special Orders Shop

Such an array as this is an inspiration to perfect grooming. Here are sweet-smelling sachets, cakes of imported soap, jars of soothing creams, and bottles of imperial perfume. Equally convenient for the dressing-table or the long motor trip is the case of blue leather in the centre. It contains all the first aids to beauty one could desire

DEMEYER

Perhaps the Highlanders who marched on Fifth Avenue in caps and kilties made this little girl want to look like this. Her blouse, collar and cuffs and all, is of old-blue pongee pleated back and front. The tie is navy blue, as is the box-pleated serge skirt fastening to the waist with big black buttons. The cap is navy blue, too, with old-blue ribbon

Just think of having gray squirrel fur—as soft and fluffy as the real squirrels in Central Park—trimming your pointed broadcloth cap and your warm broadcloth-lined collar! Even the buttons are of squirrel

Even school-days are brightened by a frock of red cashmere cloth with cross-stitching of red wool, red-streaked pearl buttons, and a ruffle-trimmed underwaist of cream coloured silk mull. With it is a little collapsible hat of red broadcloth, with picot-edged ribbon running in and out across the crown and over the brim, and tying under the chin

The YOUNGER GENERATION

MODELS FROM TOTS' TOGGERIE

Since grown folks are so wrapped up in jersey, why not a maiden of from six to ten? The only trimmings are the deep hems stitched in blue wool and a woollen crocheted tie and belt. The tam-o'-shanter is trimmed with woollen crochet to match the dress

Warm and snug and comfortable is the small boy in this gray wool jersey suit with its bands of navy blue. The collar turns into a scarf which crosses in front and ties in back, and the cap, in the two shades of jersey pulls well down over his ears

This litle girl has found a sweater that is different in these much-sweatered days. It is a slip-on and is of navy blue jersey trimmed with light gray astrachan. The cap, too, is of jersey and astrachan, and the skirt is of shepherd's plaid

Once upon a time there was some navy blue broadcloth, and some black and white checked wool, and some soft nutria fur, and they all met—and what do you think happened? A warm winter coat for a little girl, and a round little hat, too

VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE

The New Frocks Show Originality in Combining Materials and Interpreting the Tunic and Draped Skirt

Frock No. W4035. A dress of duvetyn and crêpe has a tunic only in the front

THE patterns on this and the following pattern pages are in sizes 34 to 40 inches bust measure, 24 to 30 inches waist measure, and 35 to 41 inches hip measure, unless otherwise specified.

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Frock No. W4034. A draped collar of lace may be worn with this blue serge frock

Frock No. W4033. The draped sleeve, low skirt drapery, and narrow underskirt are features of a new formal dress

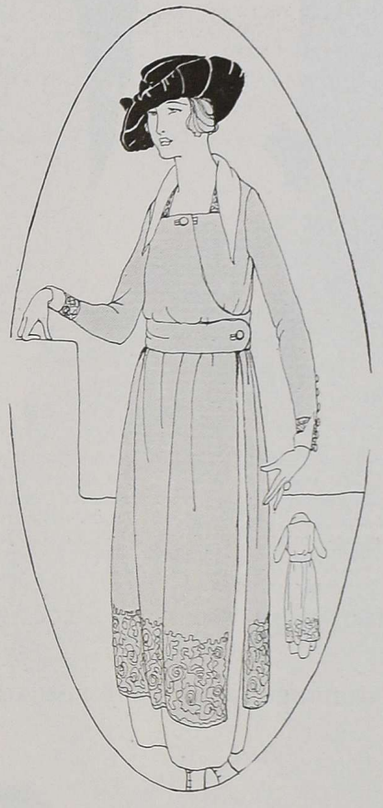
Waist No. W4036; Skirt No. W4037. The becoming surplice waist is here combined with a two-piece version of the draped skirt

Frock No. W4032. A smartly practical frock of navy blue silk jersey has a vest and two collars of white silk crêpe

THE BLOUSE SHOWS VERSATILITY IN ITS TAILORING AND ADDS THE LONG TUNIC AND THE WAISTCOAT TO ITS ROSTER

Blouse No. W4018. As Paris favours waistcoats, we have the waistcoat blouse. A serviceable model is of velvet or a woollen material

Blouse No. W4039. An effective trimming that is quite in keeping with the semi-tailored blouse is made by crossing hand-run tucks



Blouse No. W4042. With the useful tunic blouse, an underskirt is all that is required to complete a smart costume

Blouse No. W3740. Chinese crêpe is appropriate material for the peplum blouse that is banded with Chinese embroidery

Blouse No. W4041. A blouse of blue chiffon to match the skirt has waistcoat, collars, and cuffs of tub satin

Blouse No. W4040. The blouse may be of velvet, with sleeves and a becoming collar of satin

Blouse No. W4038. A collar faced with contrasting material gives the effect of a waistcoat to this blouse

Blouse No. W3669. The accommodating convertible collar is as becoming worn high as when turned back

Blouse No. W4011. This blouse, with its convertible collar, might well be made of soft wash satin

Frock No. W3965. A frock which gives a slender silhouette has a surplice closing and a belt which is cut in one piece with the unusual draped skirt

Waist No. W3735; Skirt No. W3736. The slim line is achieved by cutting the front of the waist and the tunic in one piece

Waist No. W3928; Skirt No. W3929. A rolled collar with ends which form the tie is an interesting feature of this frock

Waist No. W3931; Skirt No. W3932. One piece makes the front gore and the pockets of this serge frock, and nickel buttons are its trimming

THE INDISPENSABLE FROCK OF SERGE, JERSEY, OR DUVETYN HAS THIS GROUP OF DESIGNS ALL ITS OWN

Frock No. W3864. A slender graceful line results when the underarm gores, belt, and pocket sections are all cut in one piece, as in this frock

Frock No. W3952. One way to attain a new and youthful line is to cut the revived waistcoat in one piece with the becoming wide sash

Waist No. W3947; Skirt No. W3948. Particularly adapted for serge is this two-piece frock, with a tailored waist and a yoked one-piece skirt

Frock No. W3950. Features which are becoming and popular are the new collar, the open tunic, and the narrow underskirt of this daytime frock

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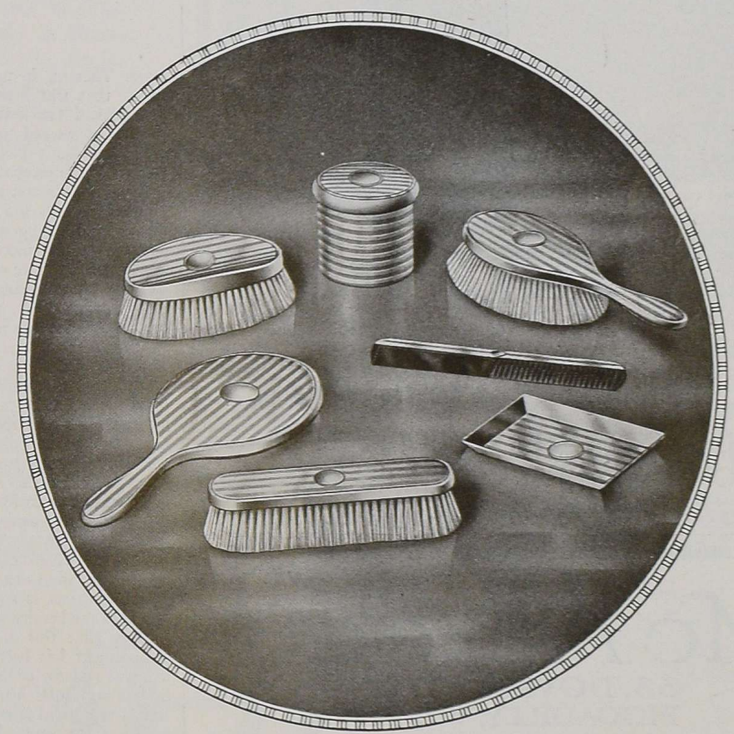

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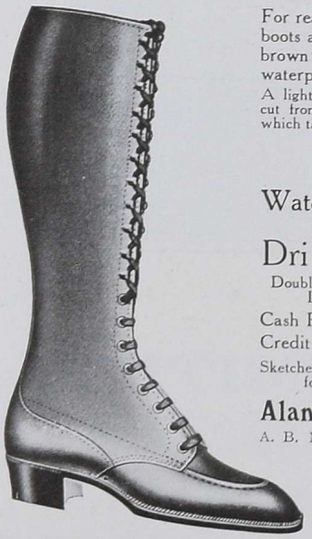

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Katherine Kaelred is one of the bright spots in "Missalliance". She portrays Lina Szczepanowska

Sarony

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 74*)

Little Theatre, it might have found a public that was fitted to appreciate it; but, when I saw it in the Mary's Ankle Theatre, it seemed to be a failure.

Mr. Hurlbut's plot was founded—according to the programme—on a story by Jessie Leach Rector. The heroine of this sprightly comedy is a feminist—but feminine. Relieved by widowhood from an unfortunate first marriage, she translates her temporary state of mind into a theoretic tenet that women should retain their independence. Yet, in contravention of this theory, she falls in love with a young and handsome lawyer. He desires her in marriage, and she wants to marry him; but what is a feminist to do—when she happens also to be feminine? The heroine suggests a compromise. She will agree to marry the hero if he will agree to a contract of limitation, according to the terms of which they shall live together, every Saturday to Monday, as man and wife, but shall pursue their separate and independent lives, every Monday to Saturday, without question and without interference from one party or the other.

This contract is agreed upon, and the hero and the heroine are married. A day or two after this absolutely reasonable arrangement has been put in force, the feminine jealousy of the heroine is aroused by the accidental intrusion of an adventurous young girl into the bachelor apartments of the hero. In order to avenge herself, the wife contrives to have herself discovered late at night in the bedroom of another man. Her ruse, however, is ridiculously unsuccessful; because the man she has chosen for this purpose is a shrinking playwright who is known, by all his friends, to be absolutely harmless. Thus, at the climax of this play, we are offered a delightful satire of one of those stock situations of the theatre which are ordinarily intended to be taken seriously.

The wise and witty husband sees through the subterfuge invented by his wife; and, in the last act, he gets around her and convinces her of the overwhelming fact that she is only a woman, after all. The feminist contract is discarded and forgotten; and the heroine begs the hero to be married to her seven days a week.

This pleasant comedy was admirably acted, and was staged with taste and tact by Mr. Winthrop Ames. The only possible objection to it, from the Broadway point of view, arose from the disturbing and bewildering fact that it was, from first to last, consistently well bred. Good manners nearly always seem offensive to people who are not familiar with them.

"THE RESCUING ANGEL"

Only a year ago, the name of Clare Kummer had never appeared upon a theatre programme; yet, during the week beginning October 8, 1917, no less than three comedies from her very gifted pen could be seen simultaneously in New York. "Good Gracious Annabelle" was crowding the Standard Theatre; "A Successful Calamity" was resuming its successful run, as the inaugural attraction at a brand-new theatre called the Plymouth; and a new piece, entitled "The Rescuing Angel," was presented at the Hudson Theatre with Miss Billie Burke as the star.

Because of this unusual collocation of dates, I chanced to see "A Successful Calamity," for the third or fourth time, immediately after seeing "The Rescuing Angel," for the first time; and, in consequence of this experience, I am compelled by candour to report that Miss Kummer's latest play is less delightful—but only, after all, a little less delightful—than its predecessors on the boards.

This author is endowed with one of the very greatest of gifts that are bestowed by those fairy godmothers who are reputed to come to a christening,—the gift of a sense of humour which is absolutely individual. Miss Kummer, in the first place, is a woman; and there are not so many women in the world of art:—George Eliot, for instance,—from any reasonable point of view,—was not a woman, but a man. Furthermore, Miss Kummer shares with Lewis Carroll an almost preposterous ability to express sense in terms of nonsense. Her mind appears forever to be flittering along the boundaries of incoherence; and yet it never over-flies the borderland, but soars back, with "strong, level flight," at the beckoning of a centrifugal idea.

Miss Kummer still has very much to learn about the craft of making plays; and she should be advised—in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson—to "give her days and nights to the study of technique." She is much less gifted as an architect than as a writer; and the modern drama—as everybody knows—is only one-fourth writing and three-fourths architecture. "The Rescuing Angel" is rather disappointing, because it shows a feeble plan.

The heroine—named Angela, for convenience in the writing of the dialogue—is the daughter of a very rich man, "whose fortune"—according to the programme—"has dwindled without his noticing it." To help her father out in his time of need, she marries secretly and suddenly a self-made millionaire whose acquaintance she has casually picked up on a boat from Honolulu. She is immediately estranged from her new-made husband by the intrusion of a callow youth to whom she had been formerly engaged; for this disappointed suitor regards it as his duty to inform her husband that Angela has merely married him for the sake of his money. A row results, and Angela proposes to a second millionaire who is less masterful than the first. This hypothetic second husband is willing enough to wait until she may secure a legal annulment of her impetuous first marriage. Of course, it turns out in the end that Angela loves really the rough diamond she has originally snatched at; and the play ends with a reconciliation between the heroine and her first and only husband.

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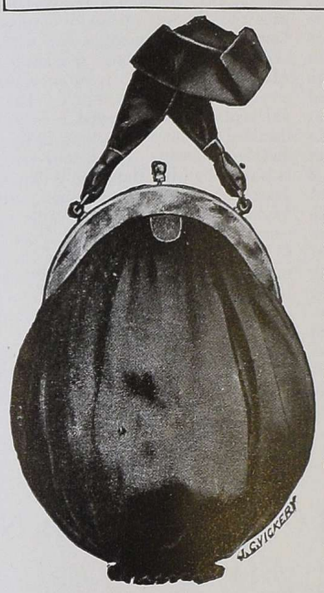

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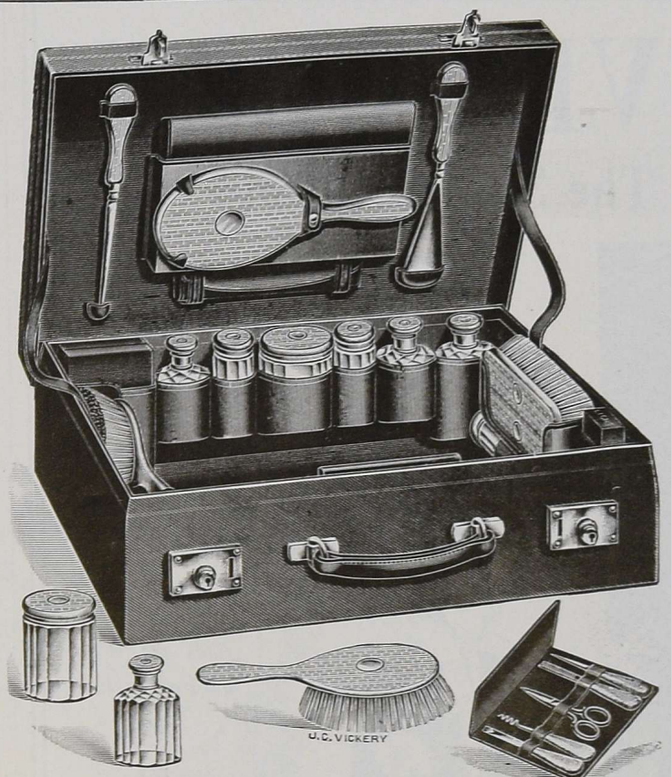

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NOTTINGHAM—62 Long Row.

THE MODE *in* MOURNING

(*Continued from page 60*)

Eleanor Baxter to Mr. C. Perry Beadleston, which took place at St. Bartholomew's church, wore a distinctive mourning hat, sketched on page 60, which was bound with crape at the edge and trimmed with clusters of crape grapes.

SOME CHARMING WRAPS

An exceedingly well-dressed woman who was present at the wedding of Miss Frederica Bull, at Grace church, wore the smart small black hat sketched near the top of page 60. It was tipped front and back with two little blackbirds with outspread wings. Her crape-bordered veil, with large black dots scattered over it, was drawn smartly from the tip of her chin to the back of her hat, and about her shoulders was a charming wrap of shirred black chiffon edged with fur. A wonderful black chiffon wrap, much longer than that just described, was worn by Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram when she spent an afternoon at the Piping Rock Club and is sketched at the lower middle on page 60. It was a long, very full cape, with no openings for the arms, bordered at every edge with a wide band of sable. The band at the bottom had the effect of drawing the wrap in fairly closely about the feet. The wrap was worn over a frock which was edged with a deep flounce of heavy dyed dull black lace, on the order of the lace which appears on some of the smartest new French models. Openwork stockings of sheer black silk and long-vamp pumps of black suède completed this outfit, which was topped by a close black hat, to which a trimming of black lace gave height.

A very smart mourning-veil, recently met on Fifth Avenue, is also sketched on page 60. It was obviously inspired by Lanvin's recent mourning-hat with the veil flowing over one shoulder. This adaptation, however, is more conservative than the Lanvin model. The veil, although distinctly unusual, is really very dignified and may even be worn by quite an elderly woman. A mourning-veil, such as is worn by Mrs. Hamilton Wilkes Cary, (sketched in the October first issue of Vogue) which consists of a large square veil, folded together so that from front to back it has but the width of the small turban over which it is worn, but allowed to flow down over the shoulders on each side, is exceedingly smart, but this can only be worn by a woman with very graceful shoulders. The veil which comes over one shoulder only is more generally becoming, except to the woman of somewhat unusual slenderness.

THE RED CROSS PAGEANT

(*Continued from page 50*)

Red Cross. It had been long in preparation, and many noted men and women had given generously of their time and effort,—an effort which found its reward, for this single performance brought a net profit of fifty thousand dollars, and the motion picture films which will carry the pageant all over the country will afford an additional income to the Red Cross for some time to come.

The book of the pageant was written by Joseph Lindon Smith, of Boston, and Thomas Wood Stevens, director of dramatic arts at Carnegie Institute and President of the Pageantry Association of America, and the rehearsals were under the personal direction of Mr. Stevens, Daniel Frohman, and B. Iden Payne, while decorators and artists collaborated in the settings and costuming. The result was a pageant of rare beauty and dramatic worth, as well as of historic accuracy and patriotic inspiration.

Of the two parts which composed this pageant, the first was given over to historic episodes in the lives of the Allied nations and presented a glowing and sumptuous picture. The prologue, spoken by Edith Wynne Matthison, dedicated an altar to Peace and was followed by rhythmic dancing by Florence Fleming Noyes and her pupils. A scene from early Flemish days followed, and four famous cities, Bruges, Ghent, Ypres, and Louvain paid their allegiance to Flanders, personated by Ethel Barrymore in the gorgeous costume familiar in Flemish painting.

The Italian scene which followed was succeeded by the scene of the birth of English liberty, as represented by King John signing the Magna Charta, and Medieval Russia was personified by John Barrymore as a tyrant borne upon the shoulders of his serfs. Most dramatic of the events of this first part, however, was the French episode, in which Ina Claire appeared as Jeanne d'Arc riding her white charger and the whole audience sprang to its feet in silent tribute to France.

In the second half of the pageant, called "The Drawing of the Sword," each nation among the Allies appeared to present its case before the court of Truth, Justice, and Liberty. Serbia entered first and told her story of the opening of the war, to which Truth spoke assent. Belgium followed, and to her aid came England and France, while Russia came to the support of her ally, Serbia. Next, England called upon her overseas colonies, and Japan, also, brought her pledge to maintain the cause of liberty on the Pacific. Armenia came to tell her wrongs, and Italy, shaking off the bonds of the Triple Alliance, cast her lot with the defenders of liberty. The grand climax was reached with the entry of America in the person of Marjorie Rambeau.

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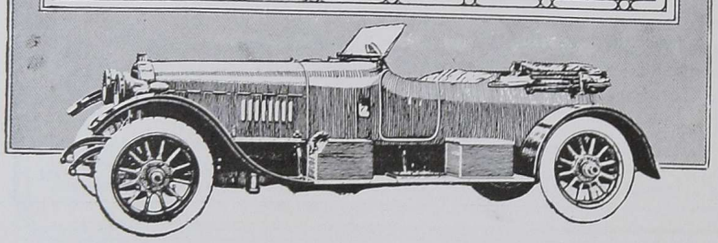

LIVING ON $35,000 A YEAR

(*Continued from page 70*)

That many of our countrywomen have lived in Europe for years with all the above appurtenances of luxury, because they could be had there for a third or more less than they cost in New York, is a well-known fact; and we have just now, with their enforced return to their own country, the very appreciable benefit of their experience and may well profit by a study of their notions and habits of thrift gained from women of great importance in the social and political world of the older countries. There extravagance is extremely bad form, and, in France especially, is seldom encountered.

Personally, my lessons in economy, aside from those absorbed in this manner, have come to me on two definite occasions—the first upon my return to New York several years ago, after an extended residence in Paris, where life had been altogether easy and free from worries, and again now, as a result of the war. From Paris to New York meant, among other things, the giving up of our motor, my husband's valet, all winter travel, the purchase of a picture now and then, and any quantity of finery. But, having weathered that storm and maintained our cheer, we should find the second leap, our war changes, easy. To reduce the family expenses to at least the amount of our wax taxes, still live in our own house, and have a more satisfactory social life than ever before, stimulated by our growing activities and our real part in the absorbing affairs of war relief, is what we are trying to do. And, from my experience, I maintain that the first serious step toward a national thrift must come in cutting down the unnecessary table extravagances which have become a reprehensible habit in nearly all grades of society.

DISHES THAT ARE SUPERFLUOUS

First, then, we should simplify the table. If there are no small children, this may be done by leaving out the cereal for breakfast and, if necessary, the bacon, which is now forty cents a pound, and, like cream, is very difficult to have on the master's table and not on the servants'. A good daily breakfast is of fruit, croisants from a little French baker, eggs, coffee (a wonderfully good brand, the Maracaibo, is ridiculously cheap), and marmalade. More than this often starts the day wrong, and many of us prefer simply tea and a roll.

Luncheons should not begin with fruit, if fruit has been served for breakfast, but it may end with the delicious stewed fruit, made at home, which has never seen the inside of a can nor a glass jar, and which, when served with rum-flavoured beaten cream, is fit for the gods. In the same way, if eggs have been the main portion of the early breakfast, they should not make the heavy course at lunch. A good rule is to have the first course a hearty cream soup; there are just as many kinds as there are vegetables, and there are any number of fish combinations besides. We must not have the double French chop, at forty cents a piece, nor yet the porterhouse steak, at thirty-eight cents a pound, but, if fresh meat is desired, we can have a ragout of beef, a lamb stew, or creamed chicken on toast; and can vary this course by having fish at least three times a week, not scallops nor yet bluefish or sea-bass, but the delicious little fillets of flounder, still only twenty cents a pound, or deep-sea mackerel at twenty-five cents a pound. The sunfish and weakfish are also within the reach of all. A hearty bread, rice, or apple pudding is better for lunch than for dinner, while black coffee is better for dinner than for lunch. The bread is important; for breakfast, toast, croisants, or homemade rolls; for luncheon, corn bread, graham, or wheat muffins; and for dinner, French bread or rolls. Our dinners have been cut to soup (oysters or clams twice a week), a meat course with vegetables, salad with biscuits and cheese, and coffee.

This is a much simplified but abundant table, and, in these busy days of meetings and lectures, when we often hurry away from the table on business bent, the fewer courses, with the consequent lessening of service, is a boon.

FEWER MAIDS WITH FEWER COURSES

Next to the table comes the servants. Last year we had a cook, a kitchen-maid, a butler, a parlourmaid, a chambermaid, a lady's-maid, a laundress, all in residence, and a furnace-man and chauffeur outside, at a total monthly wage of $440 and at $5 a week for each for board—$150 more—with another $50 for the cost of servants' laundry (fuel, soap, starch, and similar necessities are no small items in these days). This year we have succeeded in cutting down the ménage in the same house to a cook, a laundress, a waitress, a chambermaid, and a resident houseman, reducing the monthly wage to $220, board to $100, servants' laundry to $30, yet giving up no essential comfort. We all find the car the greatest sacrifice, but there has not been a single expression of regret, even for the car. I should add that lately we have added a cleaning woman one day in the week; half of that day she cleans the servants' rooms, the other half, the kitchen. Having a houseman at $40 a month, instead of a furnace-man at $25, is of great importance, as, in addition to the walks, furnace, and windows, he attends to all of the fires, the brasses, the mirrors, and the halls and stairs. He also answers the bell during dinner, thus giving the chambermaid time for her regular night work while the family dines, and leaving her free to help the waitress with the dinner dishes immediately afterward. One day in the week, no dinner is served; from three o'clock until half-past ten all the servants, except the laundress and the houseman, have this day out. This is an unusual privilege and is appreciated by them as such.

There is one bit of advice in regard to the selection of the chambermaid which is worth attention. It is a good plan to go, not to one of the two "smart" agencies, but, instead, to one of the smaller offices. Here one may find a maid who has been chambermaid and waitress in a small flat at $30 a month; if she is offered $35, she will feel that she has gone up a step and will work very hard to keep her place. On the other hand, it is better to pay good wages and go to the best agency for a waitress; there is always much silver even after half the usual supply has been put away, and silver requires skill. Personally I greatly dislike petticoats around the table, but a deft well-trained waitress really leaves little to be desired. Meals must be kept simple, however. The dish-washing alone is a great item; a great many dishes are used in even a three-course dinner, and the great reduction in the number of servants can only be maintained by the constant considerate co-operation of the entire family.

We find that the services of a little West Indian seamstress, two days in the week, at $1.50 a day, suffice to keep our wardrobes in order. Fresh flowers twice a week and the constant renewal of palms are not to be thought of. Discrimination in book-buying saves much. The use of lace on the dinner-table as well as for luncheon saves all the laundering of heavy table-cloths. Ours have been packed away, and we save an entire day of the laundress's time each week, so that she now does the shirts, which before have always been sent out.

I hope to see Christmas giving done away with except in one's own imme-

(*Continued on page 90*)

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LIVING *on* $35,000 *a* YEAR

(Continued from page 88)

diate family. The last two years have shown marked changes in this direction, and I am sure this year will see the end. Let us have Christmas parties, by all means, but let us make them gay by using our wits, and not by banal gift-giving.

I can hear some one say, "This sounds all very nice and simple, but think of the confusion in a large house, with too few servants to do the ordinary picking up." Well, perhaps it has not been as easy as it sounds, but, easy or not, it had to be done. The husband and father for the first time in his life puts the studs in his shirts; he steps to his closet for his own clothes and shoes, he is not always met at the door before he has had time to put his key in the latch, and he hangs up his own hat. The mother has her latch-key, too, as do all of the children. She manages, though somewhat rheumatic, to struggle up the stairs, still wearing her wraps, to take them off and put them away herself; she has her gowns hook up in front, and she can still get her arms above her head and do her own hair. It would be foolish to say she does not miss the devoted maid standing ready to do all these comforting things for her, but how much more strongly she feels the foolishness of the old way than the discomforts of the new! The young girls of the family are schooling themselves, with more or less success, to habits of system and order. If they relapse occasionally, it is not surprising, so carelessly have they been trained. The entire atmosphere of the house has been changed. No breakfast trays go upstairs; we put on our hats when we dress before breakfast; we even go to market, and we have been known to carry home bundles of quite considerable size. When we meet at luncheon, there is always some interesting news to report; the Navy League row, whether the French Line will have room this week to transport the supplies for the American Fund for French Wounded, the slowness with which the churches are getting together their women for war-relief work (they do not seem to realize what a chance this is for the mobilization of forces which will outlast the war, and how war work will do what many a tired rector has absolutely failed to do).

There is also a tendency on the part of the affluent to enter the fields of professional effort, and this is especially true of the young girls. There has never been a time when they have needed an open purse as they do now, for the demands of charity are heavier than ever before. Whether it is good national economics to encourage this money-earning on the part of the children of wealth will always be an open question. Personally, I approve of it, as developing the best material to the highest power, whether among rich or poor. If a girl belongs to a "writing family," she should be encouraged to write; there is something fine about the girl who drops a ten-dollar cheque on her mother's desk, saying, "There is a 'bit' for your French social service work; I earned it by a morning's scribble,"—especially fine if the mother knows that her daughter is wanting a new lace collar or an engagement present for a friend. No longer bored, we are not longing for Europe and the galleries and the companionship of other idle people. We have found something to do, something worth white; we even have visions ahead in which the days of the American dilletante are numbered.

LAVINIA ORMSBY.

AS SEEN *by* HIM

(Continued from page 65)

and listened to the talent of the day.

Of course, it was a descent from the immortal Wagner and Verdi and the other great masters to whose glorious compositions we had been listening for the two or three previous hours. And it was a long way (although just across the foyer) from Brunhild's farewell, to "Throw Him Down McCloskey," as rendered by the popular diva of that era, Miss Maggie Cline. But it filled in an awkward hour. If there was a ball on hand, we could go there leisurely; if not, we went home or to the club. The Vaudeville Club was the aristocratic grandmother of the cabaret. Why not, this year, revive an idea of this kind? Our amateurs have many vaudeville stunts, and there is no charity performance given which does not exhibit some excellent talent. I suggest amateurs, for they would give a personal and an exclusive flavour and shut out the Broadway rabble. Of course, there are those who desire to rub shoulders with the other world, and it may be more amusing. But a vaudeville club on modern lines would be a paying investment, even if we should throw over its shoulders the cloak of charity and give half of the proceeds to the Red Cross.

This winter, without realizing it, we are drifting far from the land of frivol and frivolities. Still, we must not be too serious a family. There is no reason for it. We are not poor, and we are doing much for those abroad; let us remember our own at home as well. Everything we touch seems to turn to gold. Now that Christmas is coming and with it many appeals to charity, let us be charitable, but let us also be gay.

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WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

(Continued from page 57)

After five minutes had passed I was thoroughly bored, but I massaged doggedly on, grimly determined to obey instructions to the letter, if I died for it. When that was over, my hair had to be brushed two hundred and thirty-seven times. I have often wondered why the thirty-seven, and I have concluded that it is just to wonder about—to give you something to think of, so you won't go mad in the dreary counting of the strokes. Mme. Claudine had insisted on the use of a special brush, which, when I first lifted it, I thought must weigh easily five pounds. By the time I had finished using it, I decided that it weighed twenty.

The next events on Mme. Claudine's programme are the exercises. The deep-breathing ones, according to her dictum, are to be done in front of an open window. I opened the window as wide as possible and bravely took up my stand in front of it, praying that the people across the street were still in the country. And then I started breathing deeply, making dramatic gestures with my arms, meanwhile, according to instructions,—holding them out in front entreatingly, raising them above my head exultingly, stretching them wide wearily, dropping them at my sides hopelessly. I did this until exhaustion made me stop. Then I turned my attention to the more strenuous exercises on the list.

INDOOR SPORTS

The first of these was that delightful little pastime of touching the floor with the finger-tips without bending the knees. The directions read, "May do only ten times at first. Increase later." Mme. Claudine is about as indulgent as Simon Legree. I did that exercise ten times, carefully and painfully abstaining from bending my knees at first, later cheating shamelessly and bending them recklessly. The next exercise necessitated lying down,—oh, on the floor of course. That makes it harder. Implicitly obeying instructions, I lay down on my back and put my hands behind my head, just like "Peter Ibbetson." Then I raised my left foot high in the air, contemplated it for a while, then dropped it to the floor, only to repeat the performance with my right foot. I did this ten times. There may be some who can go through these exercises and still keep their dignity and self-respect, but I felt extremely bashful and self-conscious.

The final exercise consisted of rolling—rolling the length of the room and then rolling back again, like a human egg-race. This, too, should be done ten times. Here, again, I cheated,—I only did it eight. By that time, I felt exactly like a British tank.

At the conclusion of these atrocities, I rose painfully to my feet and glanced at the clock. So far, my beauty culture had taken just an hour and a quarter.

"It's a good thing I don't have to do this in the daytime," I mused. "It would cut into my knitting frightfully."

A LEGION OF LOTIONS

My face was the next object of my devotions. There were several volumes of instructions on the subject of the face alone. I washed my face in every conceivable manner and from every known angle. I drenched it with lotions and then washed off every trace of them and put on others. One had to keep working in circles that way, it seemed. Nothing was ever definitely put on and left to stay there and do its worst. Everything was rubbed grudgingly on and then washed hastily off, to be immediately replaced by something else, which, in turn, was only allowed to stay an instant. It was an endless process and a thankless one. To complicate matters, I became lost in a maze of jars and bottles. I lost track of the lotions I had used and those I hadn't. I had a hideous feeling that in my helpless confusion I had applied certain of the lotions two and even three times, while others I had neglected utterly. I foresaw the need of a resident expert accountant.

And then the era of the appliances began. First there was a set of little crescents of plaster, meant to adorn the corners of my eyes and mouth, to frighten away trespassing wrinkles. I applied them gingerly to my face. But that wasn't all. There was a sort of harness next,—an implement of tapes and straps and bandages that passed under the chin and around the head. I forget just what was the purpose of this instrument. If it was invented for the promotion of insomnia, it certainly accomplished its end. It is scarcely a becoming article, and the process of donning it makes one feel strangely like a fire-horse. Until I had worn this arrangement, I felt that nothing could be more uncomfortable than the relentless bits of plaster on my face. I realized almost instantly, however, that I had been gravely mistaken.

That being all that any mortal face could stand, my hands were the next victims. They had to be massaged, first, with their own little horde of skin foods. Then I wormed into a pair of medicated gloves, that were to make my hands phenomenally soft and white. They reached to my elbows, and, though Mme. Claudine had assured me that they were the right size, they seemed to have been made for some one of about the general build of Grant's Tomb.

A FITTING FINALE

But the last touches—oh, those were the things! All that I had previously undergone was mere entertainment compared to Mme. Claudine's swan song—the last things she had wished on me. There were ten of them,—ten wicked little instruments of cruelly glittering steel, to slip on one's fingers and make them taper gracefully. Each little instrument is provided with a screw. You fit the implement on your innocent unsuspecting finger, then screw it tightly. When the pressure is as tight as you can endure without screaming, you give the screw a few more twists, and leave it that way all night.

That concluded the evening's entertainment. Evidently, Mme. Claudine's imagination had given out. I was allowed to have the few remaining hours of the night for my own devices. Weary and aching, I leaned on a chair for much-needed support and sadly surveyed myself in the mirror. I can only say that my appearance would have been grounds for divorce in any state in the Union.

For the first time in my life, I was overcome by a dread of fire. I would rather have perished in the flames than let any fireman see me as I was. I prayed fervently to be delivered from burglars and from messenger boys bearing telegrams. I shivered at the horrid thought, "Suppose I should die in the night!"

I have never continued my beauty course. I know that I should have the courage, that it is weak and unfeminine not to go on with it. The still full bottles and jars, the empty gloves and headdress, are so many silent reproaches to me. But I cannot bring myself to do it again. I have never fully recovered from my one adventure in quest of beauty. I shall never be the same. There are segments of me that will never stop aching again. Yet the world is full of women who go through the whole routine every night of their lives! And to think that dauntless creatures like that can't have the vote!

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The pleasing brush of Olinsky contributed "Agnes" to the recent exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery

ART

(*Continued from page 75*)

traits, especially his portraits of men. Among these, a portrait of "Sir Alexander Shaw" stands out as a splendid example. Moreland's roadside scenes and pictures of country life, "Old Crome's" rugged and almost Dutch landscapes, works of the somewhat French Bonington, and of Linnell, cover the period in landscapes, up to those wonderful jewels of colour, the works of the great Turner, whose "Burning of the Houses of Parliament" shows the precedence of colour over all else in Turner's vision.

OF CURRENT ART

The opening exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery, which began the second quarter century of exhibitions at this gallery, had many interesting works by present-day American painters. It was the aim of the gallery to show at this time, as far as possible, new canvases, those which had been completed during the past summer, but the fact that so many painters do not complete their pictures until after their return to their winter studios made it impossible to keep strictly to this rule, so that old friends, too, were included.

Notable in this exhibition, which included thirty works by as many different painters, were a landscape by Tryon and a pleasing ably painted study of a woman by Olinsky.

American artists lost an old and valued friend by the recent death of Mr. William Macbeth, for many years head of the Macbeth Gallery. From the time of its establishment, this gallery has been devoted solely to the exhibition and sale of the works of American artists, and there are few names famous in the art of this country which are not to be found in its exhibition lists; it was one of the first galleries to show American works.

Calendar of Exhibitions

New York.

Arlington Galleries. Paintings by Anne M. Bremer, from November 12 to 24. Annual Exhibition of the American Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, from December 1 to 23.

Keppel Galleries. Lithographs of American munitions, by Joseph Pennell, from late October for three weeks.

Macbeth Gallery. Portraits by Louis Betts, during November.

Metropolitan Museum of Art. Memorial exhibition of the works of Thomas Eakins, from November 5 to December 3.

Milch Galleries. Paintings of New York, executed in every medium, by W. Jean Beauley, from October 27 to November 17.

New York Public Library. Print Gallery: American portraits of the Colonial and Revolutionary period. Gallery 322: mezzotints from the Cadwalader collections and exhibitions illustrating the making of prints. Stuart Gallery: Henry Wolf memorial exhibition and recent additions to the print collection.

Scott and Fowles Galleries. "Contemporary American Salon," during November.

HARTFORD

Wadsworth Athenæum Annex. First exhibition of water colours and pastels by the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts, from November 5 to 19.

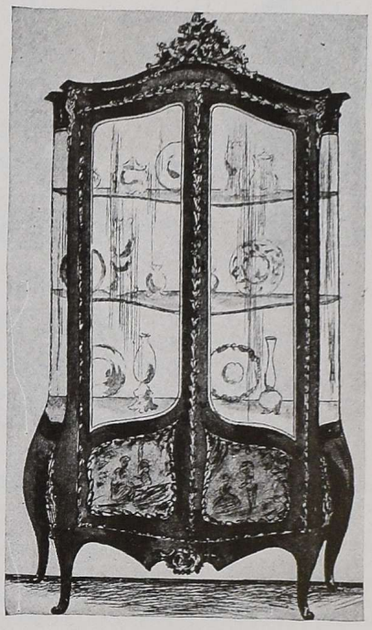
PHILADELPHIA

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Exhibition, under the joint management of The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and The Philadelphia Water Colour Club, to consist of original work in water colour, black and white, and pastel, also drawings and illustrations in any medium, from November 4 to December 9.

Peter A. Juley

Tryon, who possesses a generous share of that genuine love of the outdoor world which is the great gift of American painters, was represented at the Macbeth Gallery by the mellow and serene "A Clearing-October"

Exclusive Tone



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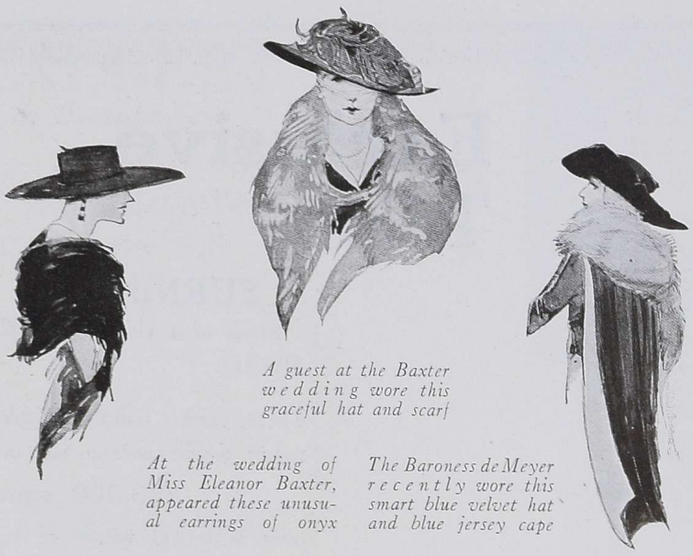


A guest at the Baxter wedding wore this graceful hat and scarf

At the wedding of Miss Eleanor Baxter, appeared these unusual earrings of onyx

The Baroness de Meyer recently wore this smart blue velvet hat and blue jersey cape

THE NEW SEASON IN NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 53*)

reserved for an exclusive and restricted membership, and on others it will be given over to such organizations as the Junior Patriots and probably the Junior League. A screen of moving targets is a sportsmanlike feature of the club, which was organized by Miss Martha Maynard; the picturesque shooting costume which Miss Maynard wears is sketched second from the right at the bottom of page 52. A flowing cape of hunter's green cloth is lined with a soft-toned tarlatan plaid; the pockets for carrying shot are both decorative and useful. The young instructor in marksmanship wears the costume of dark blue sketched second from the left at the bottom of the page. The cape has a facing of leather colour, and there is a leather collar and belt.

THE PAGEANT FOR THE RED CROSS

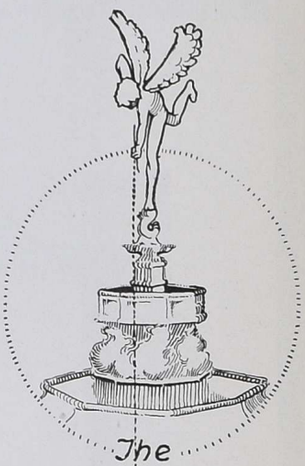
Seldom have New Yorkers looked upon anything so beautiful and impressive as the great pageant for the benefit of the American Red Cross, recently held in the open-air theatre on the Lloyd's Neck estate of Mr. and Mrs. Roland R. Conklin. The setting was a perfect one for this spectacle, which is to be compared in magnificence only with the famous Allies' Ball of last winter. From a tree-studded height, a winding path dotted here and there with flaming salvia gave entrance to the theatre, while at the left the bay gleamed through the trees. To add to the picturesqueness of effect, medieval banners stencilled in dull blues and purples were hung here and there among the trees. Between stretches of woods on either side, the great green amphitheatre rose tier upon tier toward the low gabled house at the back. Behind a blue lagoon with its white swans was the grassy stage, with an altar-like stone structure serving remarkably well to throw the voices of the players over the vast space, and behind it all was the dull gray of the waters sweeping out to the horizon. A great company soon occupied the stage—Jeanne d'Arc, King John of England, Cossacks, and dancing-girls, with hunting-dogs and horses in velvet trappings. Barges hung with old tapestries floated along the lagoon, and in the blue waters splashed mermaids and tritons in a series of pictures. Perhaps the most impressive figure of the entire pageant was that made by Ethel Barrymore, who, in the black robes of stricken Belgium, voiced the desolation of that country in tones which carried to the farthermost points of the amphitheatre.

The audience, which had gathered from New York and the surrounding country, included many smartly dressed women. Blue was the prevailing colour for costumes, not navy blue, but a lighter tone mixed with green and gray, while next in importance came deep purple and plum shades. Among the dark furs, one noted chinchilla and squirrel, and now and then leopard skin, which is popular for strictly outdoor wear. One slender young person wore the scarf pictured at the left of page 52, near the middle; leopard skin was combined with a tawny brown fur with interesting effect. The hat sketched at the upper right on page 52 was also worn that afternoon. It was of tête de nègre satin trimmed with two sweeping sprays of osprey.

Katherine Lee Burrage was a dainty flower-girl at the wedding of her aunt, Miss Eleanor Baxter

A few days afterward, at Piping Rock, when the first of the autumn race meetings was held, the prevalence of blue and purple was again notable, and there was, also, a great deal of dull deep brown. Miss Grace Cumnock wore the Callot coat which is sketched at the upper left on page 53; it was of brown velours heavily trimmed with beaver. Her small black hat of satin was embroidered with gold; these brocaded hats are very smart just now. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt and Mrs. William Woodward were sketched with Captain F. F. de Casteja, of the French Army, as they watched the sensational race for the Harbor Hill Cup. The race was one of the most thrilling ever held at Piping Rock; only two out of nine entries were finished, as all the other riders were thrown. At one time there were three riderless horses running with the rest, one of them leading the field as

(*Continued on page 100*)



The SIGN-POST of PICCADILLY

NO spot in London possesses so much glamour as Piccadilly Circus. It is a Mecca to which pilgrimages are made from all parts. Above the varied crowds which throng the Circus at all hours, reigns Eros, the god of love. Poised upon his pedestal, graceful and alert, he has become "The Sign-Post of Piccadilly."

* * * *

HOW little known the "well-known" landmarks of London really are. Do you really know our "Sign-Post of Piccadilly"? Upon which foot is the god poised; has he shot, or is he about to shoot, his arrow, and *in what direction does he aim?*

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THE arrow of Eros has sped straight from the centre of the Circus to the Junior Army & Navy Stores, "The First Service Store without Tickets."

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BEAUTY is far more than skin deep—but beauty of complexion is one of Woman's chiefest charms. Now Kruschen Salts is Nature's aid to beauty of complexion—and that for a very simple reason.

Woman, be she maid or mother, needs a trustworthy ally in combating certain natural disabilities which tend to lower the tone of her system as a whole, and sooner or later manifest their ill-effects in her complexion. In Kruschen Salts she finds just such an ally—a gentle but efficient aperient and diuretic that keeps the system sweet and clean, with tonic properties which build it up to that perfection of inward grace whose visible sign is a good complexion.

Regularity of habit is the basis of a good complexion . . . Kruschen Salts determines habit and maintains its regularity. The "Kruschen" habit is a daily reminder to the liver, kidneys, and eliminative system generally to the regular performance of their vital functions. With these organs working well and regularly the tone and texture of the skin must needs be beautiful . . . a good complexion is assured.

But Kruschen Salts is more than a mere aperient and diuretic. It also possesses tonic properties that render it pre-eminent above all other depuratives, the effect of which is generally negatived by failure to maintain the tone of the organs during the cleansing process. Lassitude is the inevitable result of such one-sided procedure, and it is open to question whether the net result is even a slight improvement in the condition it was purposed to correct. With the "Kruschen" course there is no period of being "worse before you are better"—no pain, no discomfort, no temporary indisposition. Rather, the mental and physical state begins at once to improve, and continues so to do as one continues to use this truly beneficent remedy.

Naturally—that is how the "Kruschen" habit works: it is an aid to Nature—nothing more. For Kruschen Salts is not a medicine—the salines that compose it are natural ingredients of the body.

It was a wholly wrong idea of what the body really needs that led so many seekers after health—and the beauty of health—to go abroad in search of it; and now that certain foreign watering-places are to all intents and purposes "off the map," the spa habit has given place to the "Kruschen" habit with benefit to all at home. Nowadays, the doctor who says, "Save time, save money, and save your health by taking the 'Kruschen' course in your own home amid your customary surroundings," prescribes a treatment which he knows has benefited thousands all over the world . . . one from which nine women out of ten would benefit both in their general health and their complexion.

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This Special Policy applies only to Private and Doctors' Cars.

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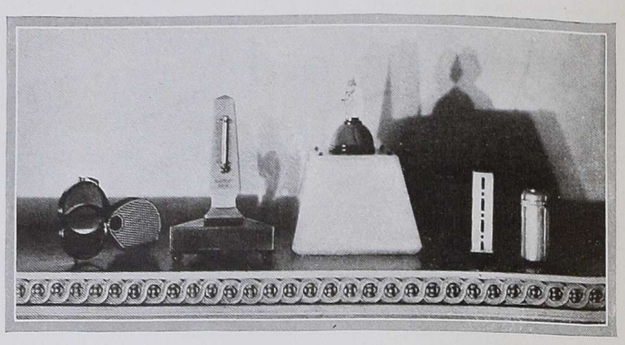


A magnifying-glass, a beautiful thermometer, a glorified cigar-cutter, a seal of white jade, and a crystal salts-bottle, with a diamond-set top, are things with which super-desks are fitted

THE WRITING-TABLE

(*Continued from page 77*)

the stationery one chooses; the conservative types of heavy paper, with the monogram, coat of arms, or the address and telephone number in plain block letters, give a sufficient choice and yet keep within safe bounds. Gay colours in either paper or marking, the use of coloured inks and heavy perfumes, are, of course, simply out of the question. The individual touch may be given by the marking, especially by the marking of the paper which the smart woman uses for her personal notes only, while for the house paper, the address and telephone number, or the coat of arms, is considered good form.

When the question of the stationery is settled, the next important point is to choose a desk that harmonizes with the rest of the room; this desk should be placed where the light falls properly on the paper, over the left shoulder, for a writing-table does not bespeak the thoughtful woman if it is tucked away in a dark corner as an afterthought.

THE WOMAN IS KNOWN BY HER DESK

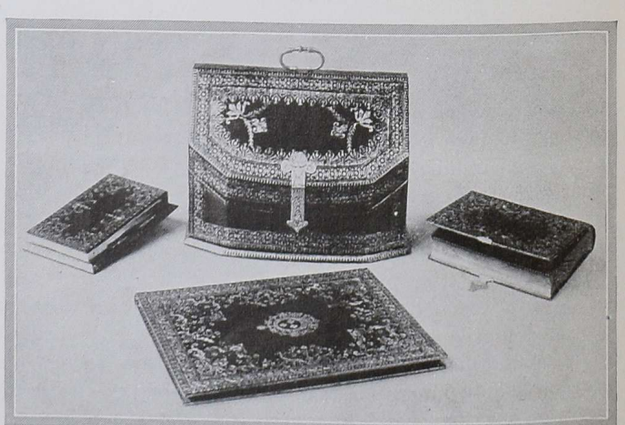
In looking through a collection of antique desks, one is astonished at the perfection and nicety of their equipment. It is interesting to note that the most beautiful pieces of all periods are always fitted so that little cloth or leather-covered flaps are let down or pulled out; upon the desk thus formed, the notes indicating the gracious mind were written. This elegance of equipment is particularly noticeable in the inlaid furniture of the various reigns in the French court, where elegance and leisure were indicated by an absence of haste and the time to devote to the courteous things of life.

It is easy to recognize the writing-table of the representative woman of these times, for, to begin with, however beautiful the details of the setting may be, they must be practical and suited to constant use. The next decided note is order and system; the woman who has inherited traditions merely falls in line with the methods of her ancestors, who, as men and women of breeding, made order the first law in their correspondence.

Shown at the upper left on page 77 is a commodious desk of red lacquer, with Chinese decorations; this is screened off from the rest of the room with an antique red-lacquered Chinese screen of the Eighteenth Century, a screen with four panels, and is fitted with a portfolio of brown and gold leather, with a brocade lining and gold tooling in an old Moorish design. With this is a charming paper-rack, which is clasped with gold bronze; this is shown in detail at the bottom of this page, at the top of photograph. A shot-filled cup for the artistic red quill-pens is also made in the brown hand-tooled leather and has a glass lining. There is also a cover for the telephone-book, lined with brocade to match the portfolio, but this was not photographed. The reclining camel at the left on the desk is a veritable work of art; it is of light bronze on a base of onyx. The leather-handled paper-cutter and leather stamp-box to the right of the portfolio, and the leather engagement-book, also to the right, complete a desk equipment that is truly lovely.

A delightful old Louis XVI mahogany dressing-table, one that had a concealed mirror and a marble interior made to hold

(*Continued on page 102*)



Desk equipments of hand-tooled leather, traced with gold, are beautiful and useful; these are: a note-book, a paper-rack clasped with bronze, a stamp-book, and a writing-portfolio

THAT ELEGANT CUT

which is to be found in the Louis Costumes gives the woman a *cachet* which distinguishes it from the ordinary confection garment

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Dear Sirs,—After seeing your Movol advertised, I have tried it to-day, and am really amazed at the results. I had sent to me a nurse's apron almost new, but discarded on account of a big iron-mould mark. I got a 6d. tube for trial and followed the directions, and the stain disappeared as by magic, not the slightest harm done to the fabric. It is far simpler and safer to use than anything I have known before.—Yours faithfully, G. A. T.

THIS Salvage of Linen can be attempted equally successfully by every one of our readers. There is no risk of injuring the finest fabric — Movol can be used without fear on old lace, etc. Salts of Lemon, etc., are entirely superseded by this entirely British invention, which is manufactured by the well-known firm of W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton, and sold in 1/- and 6d. tubes by Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere.

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Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit, Medicine, Disinfectant, and Ink Stains removed without injury to the fabric by

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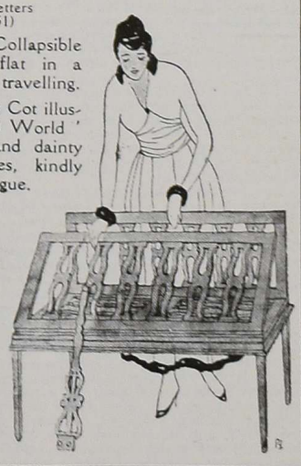

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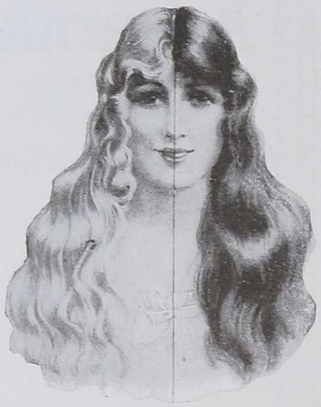
How to look 10 to 15 years younger at trifling cost.

A distinguished French doctor (now attached to the French Army Medical Corps) has discovered how to make *every* grey hair recover its lost natural colour. This method does not paint on, but restores each hair *from the centre outwards*. The method (used by 500 Royal Court and other leading hairdressers) is simple and inexpensive. Anyone can use it. No one can tell you have used it. People will, of course, say, "Why! how much younger you look!" But they won't know how or why—unless you tell them. Colour lasts, too. No unnatural metallic glitter. Washing, shampooing, curling, waving, even perspiration or Turkish baths make no difference to the restored colour. Lotions, brilliantines, tonics, and dressings only improve the treatment.



How great a disadvantage grey hair is can quickly be appreciated by placing the edge of a hand-mirror along the line, so reflecting a complete head. The reflection from the left is of a woman whose apparent age is anything from forty to fifty. Next, reverse the mirror. The reflection now shown is of a woman after hair has been treated with "INECTO," the name given to this new process. What a wonderful difference! The first impression is of a woman—"passée." The second shows a woman of youthful mien, possessing again all her charm and attractiveness.

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By A. AHUMADA.

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A True Exponent of Modern Dentistry.

Mr. Goldberg is recognized to be one of the greatest experts that we have to-day in Crown, Bar, and Bridge work; indeed, it is he who introduced to Londoners many years ago this great and forward movement in modern Dentistry.

By his own ingenious device he completely and successfully does away with "plates," which are not only uncomfortable, unsightly, and cause impediment of speech when worn, but frequently cause death to the wearers by strangulation as a result of accidentally swallowing the plate.

Mr. Goldberg's method of teeth repairing is to save every tooth, even when decayed to the root, and, by this very clever device of building up decayed teeth, linking up one tooth to the other, especially where false ones are necessary, by an invisible bridge at the back of the teeth has successfully solved the hitherto very difficult problem. This bridge holds every artificial tooth in a "grip" of steel, as it were—one that outwears the wearer, should he live to the age of Methuselah.

The new system of dentistry which this wizard of the dental chair has introduced is certainly the last word in dental science. It is painless and inexpensive, and especially beneficial to those who value appearances. Perhaps this is one reason why so many of the feminine sex, both of title and stage, are amongst his clientele.

Teeth That Rot.

The heading given to this paragraph is perhaps bald—to many a bit repulsive—but, nevertheless, it is a condition in which cent. per cent. of the adult population of the United Kingdom will find one or more of their teeth to-day. Examine yours even now. Even though they may appear quite sound to you, the dentist, with his little probe and magnifying mirror, will detect little pinholes in them which give the warning that inside the tooth ravishing devastation is going on, laying up a store of agony for you in the very near future.

But how few of us take notice of this gradual wasting of these precious molars. No; we all put off the ordeal of the dental chair and drill till pain steps in, demanding our attention. Some fly to their dentist in an effort to save the tooth, a wise if late precaution, others have it drawn.

Speaking of drawing teeth, I have always thought what great strength must be required to extract a molar. Now I know differently. As Mr. Goldberg explained it, it is skill, not brute force, that is required. His demonstration was more convincing than explanation, for never have I seen or heard of a tooth leaving a jawbone with less ado, either on the part of the dentist or patient, than I actually experienced in Mr. Goldberg's extracting room. Painless? Why, the patient does not know it. I was the patient.

But teeth-extracting is not popular with this dental expert. His mission is to repair them, preserve them, to save them, and make them perfect in every way, and, where they have been previously extracted, recklessly and wastefully, supply new ones, with Nature's exactness and perfection, but no "plates." As a parting shot, Mr. Goldberg gave me a message to give my readers; it was simply this: "Save your teeth," and I give it: "Save your teeth."

Mr. GOLDBERG'S HOURS are from 10-6, and his 'Phone number is Mayfair 2022.

THE NEW SEASON IN NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 96*)

the home stretch was entered on the first circuit of the course.

Both Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. Woodward, shown in the sketch at the top of page 52, wore costumes of purple. Mrs. Hoyt's sports suit was of dull purple worsted, buttoned high at the throat; at the front it was piped with white. Her muffler was of the same material as the suit, faced with white, and her broad-brimmed hat of brown velvet was smartly trimmed with an uncurled edge of brown ostrich feathers. Mrs. Woodward, at the right, wore a simple tailored suit of bluish purple plentifully mixed with gray and matched in tone by the conservatively shaped hat. A slender woman in blue introduced a smart whimsicality when she wound about her large hat yards of dark blue maline and tied it in a nonchalant knot beneath the brim at the back. This picturesque and becoming substitute for a veil is shown in the sketch at the right of page 52, near the middle.

Little Miss Betty Stettinius, who has done such skilful riding at the smart horse shows of the season, wore the attractive costume sketched at the bottom of page 52 in the centre. Over a blue serge skirt was a white flannel blouse embroidered in Russian colours. Mrs. George Baker, junior, always one of the smartest figures at social gatherings, wore the attractive suit shown in the sketch at the lower left on page 52. It was of black cloth edged with brown fur. And Miss Marian Tiffany, as the sketch at the upper right on page 53 shows, wore a tam-o'-shanter of blue velvet and a blue cloth coat collared with beaver.

Baroness de Meyer recently wore the upturned hat of blue velvet shown at the right in the group on page 96. Her cape of dark blue jersey cloth was lined with gray. The sketch at the lower right on page 52 shows a clever gown worn by a fair-haired girl as she took tea at Sherry's. Of blue cloth embroidered in silver and gray, the gown had floating panels at the front and back, and about the waist was knotted a tasselled gray girdle. There were flowing sleeves and a collar of gray fur. The gray scarf on her broad blue hat was knotted and tasselled.

Miss Eleanor Baxter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George White Baxter, was a most attractive bride at one of the smartest weddings of the year. The chapel of Saint Bartholomew's Church, which is small enough to give a pleasing sense of intimacy, was decorated with white chrysanthemums and palms for the occasion. The sketch at the bottom of page 96 shows little Katherine Lee Burrage, the niece of the bride, as she appeared as flower-girl. Her frock of pale blue organdy was sashed with salmon pink. Wee Aaron Ward roses were wound into a tiny wreath around her hair, and she carried a nosegay of yellow and blue posies encircled by a paper lace frill. Distinctive among the guests was a young woman with prematurely gray hair who wore a tawny fur scarf and a drooping hat about which was wound one great tawny ostrich plume. She is shown in the centre of the group at the top of page 96. Another of the guests, shown at the left of the same group, sponsored curious drop-earrings of onyx.

THE WRITING-TABLE

(*Continued from page 98*)

a basin, has two compartments and four drawers lined with yellow and white taffeta. This is a real antique, and, when the top that conceals the mirror and interior is closed, it makes a most unusual writing-table. This is shown at the lower right on page 77. On it is a writing-set consisting of a large blotter, inkstand, calendar, letter-clip, small blotter, stamp-box, and pen-tray. This set is an unusual and smart combination of striped silver and eighteen-carat gold. The interesting-looking volume to the left of the clock is really a box of brown Van Dyck leather, tooled in gold, lined with rose and green brocade, and clasped with gold bronze. This is shown in detail at the bottom of page 98, to the right in the photograph.

A boudoir with the walls panelled in white satin is the lovely background for the creamy white French writing-table shown at the upper right on page 76. The desk is fitted with an engraved crystal writing-set, consisting of a desk-pad, a pen-tray, stamp-box, inkwell, shot-filled cup, and paper-rack.

To harmonize with this set of engraved crystal, the exquisite clock of crystal, with the aluminum face set in blue enamel, has been wisely chosen; and the engraved crystal candlestick is another beautifully decorative accessory. The ivory pen is enamelled with green and set with a semi-precious green stone, which gives a touch of colour; and a tiny cheque-book of striped gold and platinum, into which one's personal cheques are folded, bears one's monogram on the outside and the name of the bank engraved inside.

The desk photographed at the bottom of page 77 might be used by the man of the family. It is shown, with correct fittings for a man, at the bottom of page 76. In the middle of the desk, there is a rich portfolio of leather; behind it is a leather-covered inkwell, and to the right of it is a letter-rack; these are of Moorish leather. The cigar-cutter, to the right of the portfolio, is of massive jade, and so is the flat gold ash-tray to the extreme right on the desk. The block notebook on the extreme right is of soft Van Dyck brown leather. The exquisite paper-weight of pink quartz, which is shown to the left of the portfolio, has a gold and enamel letter-clip on the top, and this letter-clip is fitted with a small writing-tablet and a slender gold pencil.

It is in these innumerable little details that the fancy may run riot, for never were the little useful niceties of life converted into more exquisite trifles. For instance, when a thermometer is set in a column of white jade on a base of mauve jade it becomes a thing of beauty. This is shown to the right of the vase of flowers on the desk just described, and in detail at the top of page 98. To the extreme left there is a magnifying-glass with three lenses, set in a case of striped platinum and gold. This, and the salts-bottle at the left of the portfolio, are shown in detail at the top of page 98.

A cigar-cutter made of a wonderful bit of jade is capped with a lovely violet and crystal top on which to cut the cigar. This is shown on the desk at the lower left on page 76, to the right of the portfolio, and it is shown in detail at the top of page 98, the third from the right.

A bit of white jade set with black onyx makes a very unique seal. Of course, the seal is important; it is a finishing touch to a note. This seal is shown to the right of the thermometer on the desk shown at the lower left on page 76, and shown in detail, the second from the right, at the top of page 98. Some refreshing salts which have a welcome place on the writing-desk come in a tiny crystal bottle with a band, top, and monogram of diamonds. This is shown at the extreme right in the photograph at the top of page 98, and on the desk at the lower right on page 77, in front, to the right of the clock, and also on the desk that has just been described.

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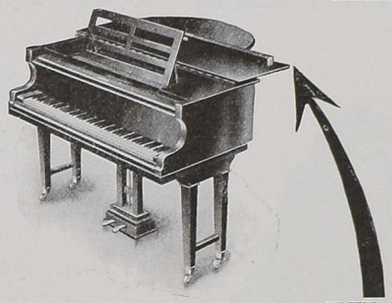

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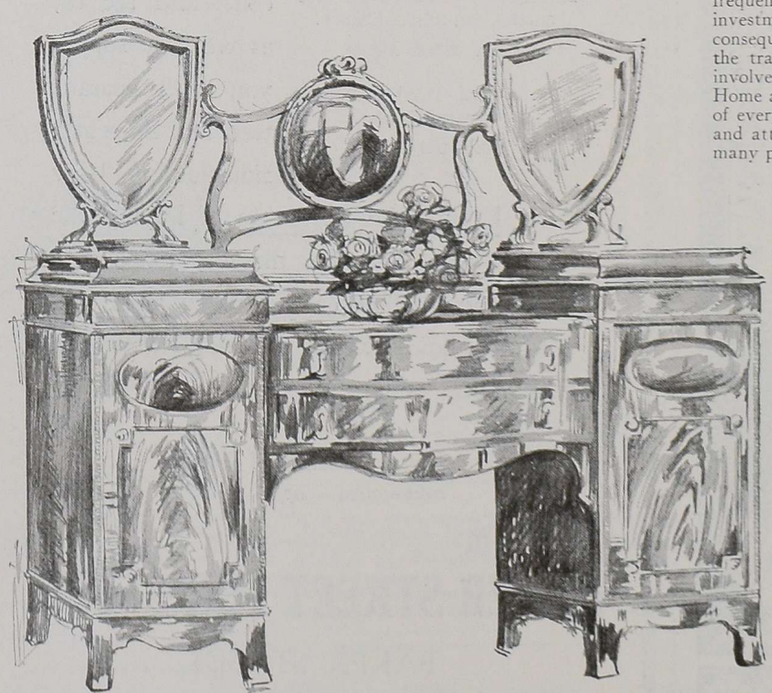

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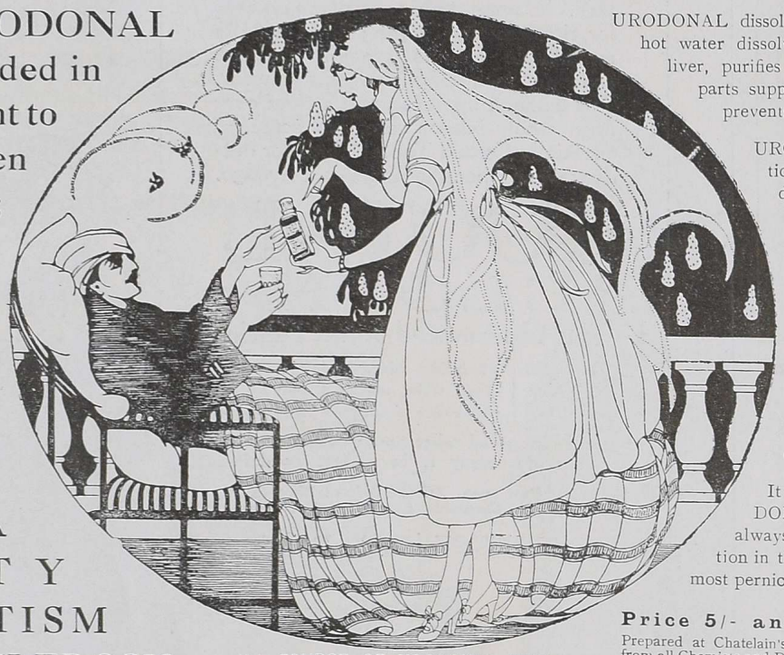

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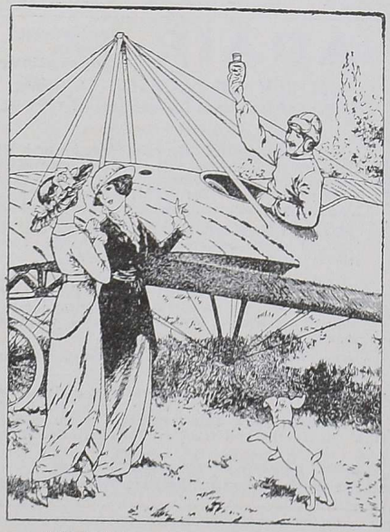

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